Next Month

and later

MY CAREER ON THE WPA

Anonymous

In the millions of printed words that have dealt with the WPA, no story such as this has, to our knowledge, had a place. Today after all the millions of words have been written, published, and read, people still want to know: Are WPA workers loafers? Do they try to get other jobs? Are they ashamed of being on the WPA? Even this author doesn't claim to have written the last word on the subject, but THE FORUM claims he has written something of definite importance.

ORACLE IN TWEED

Richard G. Hubler

Many predictions, some of them no doubt unjustified, have been made about the future place and influence of the new "science" of sampling public opinion. In any case, it is generally agreed that this science or profession has a fine future. Here is the story of its leading exponent, George Horace Gallup, and of his organization, the Institute of Public Opinion.

CLOTHING WORKERS' ARMY

Mary Heaton Vorse

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers are one of the greatest achievements in the history of trade unionism. They have 225,000 members in a national industry that is 95 per cent organized. They are financially secure and politically just beginning their growth. And this union, led by Sidney Hillman, inspires in its members unique qualities of loyalty and devotion. Said a young worker once to Mary Heaton Vorse: "I never knew that I was joining anything as big as this. I was proud of my union but I could not dream it was like this."

OTHER FEATURES

"An Immigrant American Speaks Out," by Avedis Derounian; "This Won't Hurt Much," a survey of recent developments in the use of anesthetics, by Marguerite Clark; an anonymous personal-experience article, "I Went to College at Fifty"; "A Country Boy Goes Home," by R. Havelock-Bailie; "What Pulls Your Strings?" by Winfred Rhoades; "Minnesota's Political Prodigy," in which Isabel Henson Masters writes about Governor Stassen; an article by Robert Monaghan on the fake-claims racket.

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and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

OCTOBER 1939

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THE BOOK FORUM

I BELIEVE — edited by Clifton Fadiman (Simon & Schuster, $3.75).
AMERICAS TO THE SOUTH — John T. Whitaker (Macmillan, $3.00).
COUNTRY LAWYER — Bellamy Partridge (Whittlesey, $2.75).
THE HOUSE OF MITSUI — Oland D. Russell (Little, Brown, $4.00).
THE FINE ART OF PROPAGANDA — edited by Alfred McClung Lee and Elizabeth Briant Lee (Harcourt, Brace, $1.50).
INSIDE THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE — Bertram D. Hulen (Whittlesey, $3.00).
WHEN WAR COMES — edited by Larry Nixon (Greystone, $2.25).
LET THE RECORD SPEAK — Dorothy Thompson (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.75).
DEMOCRACY TODAY AND TOMORROW — Eduard Beneš (Macmillan, $3.00).

NOT only on the habitual terrain of Europe is the struggle of this generation shifting awfully about. A battle of books has advanced in its less spectacular way. Although words explode with less noise than do bombs, they often make more fundamental changes in the contours of the world. And changes are in store, according to some of the eminent contributors to *I Believe*, a compilation of the personal philosophies of representative men of intellect. Edited by Clifton Fadiman, it is a follow-up of the very successful volume brought out ten years ago by the same publisher in collaboration with THE FORUM.

The often startling and usually intimate credos of the twenty-one contributors represent no stacking of the cards in favor of any point of view. From John Strachey, on the left, to George Santayana, who has chosen Fascist Italy in which to spend his declining years, the range is complete. Lin Yutang speaks in defense of religion, not primarily Christianity. Jacques Maritain, French Catholic convert, defends the philosophy of the church whose political acts in Spain he recently had the courage to oppose. James Thurber finds the world a decidedly unfunny place; and Franz Boas, scientist to the core, speaks with loathing of the proposition that any one "race" is inferior to any other.

Havelock Ellis, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Rebecca West, Thomas Mann — the list is as varied as the forces that mold our minds. Condensation marks their pithy essays, and for the most part their mood is as intense as the times for which they seek an adequate explanation. In addition, all the living contributors to THE FORUM's initial volume have been given a chance to revise their philosophies, if in the authors' estimation those philosophies have not stood the strain of recent strenuous years. Some, like H. L. Mencken, testily admit to having known all there was to know ten years ago. Others, like Einstein, J. B. S. Haldane, Beatrice Webb, willingly admit to drastic changes in their views.

I Believe has something of interest to every reader worthy of the name, and it is compelling enough to direct him toward that most interesting of all occupations — an attempt to find out what he himself really does or can or must believe.

ANYONE should know by now that Germany, Italy and Japan have been whittling away at the politics and commerce of South America. The shavings begin to pile up into fire hazards, as a whole bucket brigade of writers and newspapermen from the United States have recently reported. What are we going to do about it? John T. Whitaker, in his excellent *Americas to the South*, dramatizes the question and explains what he thinks must be our answer. Almost alone among commentators, he offers plans instead of exhortation — plans that seem just as important now as a month ago.

One trouble with our good-neighbor policy so far has been a simple human one. We don't know the neighbors. Only a few North Americans have a speaking acquaintance with the people south of us. Congressmen frequently don't even tip their hats. Meantime the dictators have been dropping in to take care of the baby and offer credit at the store. An appalling number of young South Americans have already been educated in fascist countries, almost free of charge. Hitler and his friends have given easy terms on radios, automobiles, war planes for which the United States demands cash. And all the while, says Mr. Whitaker, most South Americans would sincerely prefer to buy their education and supplies from Uncle Sam.

Although the pattern of fascist penetration is the same everywhere — a mixture of intimidation, propaganda, and attractive commercial offers — the internal problems of each country are different and absorbing. Mr. Whitaker has explored them. He has studied the people for their virtues, faults, eccentricities, charm. And more than any other observer he has made the South Americans come alive. He gives you the feeling that the Chileans are worth much more than the interest on our loans; that the beef ques-

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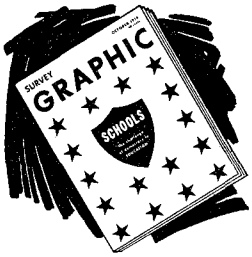

Beulah Amidon, editor, and 31 distinguished educators and journalists answer these urgent questions in the special October *Survey Graphic* — SCHOOLS: The Challenge of Democracy to Education.

They discuss the warning of our jobless youth — wonders wrought in nursery schools — what we ask of grade and high schools — universities in relation to modern life — adult education — the educationally underprivileged — race discrimination — freedom — the heart of the problem: teachers — propaganda — next steps — what every parent must know.

The caliber of the contributors to this issue suggests the high standard of articles in every issue of *Survey Graphic*, the magazine of social facts and interpretation which Charles A. Beard "has long regarded as indispensable": E. C. Lindeman, John Chamberlain, Myron M. Stearns, John R. Tunis, Max McConn, Scott Buchanan, Alvin Johnson, Farnsworth Crowder, Ordway Tead, William Allan Neilson, K. N. Llewellyn, Carson Ryan and 20 others. Over 50 photographs, charts and drawings supplement the text.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Single copies of the October issue (not generally available on newsstands) sell for 40 cents. The annual subscription price of *Survey Graphic* is $3. For the next five issues — and the October issue *free* — mail only $1 with the coupon below today!

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The Book Forum

tion is pretty foolish in the face of Argentina's capacity for friendship with this country — in short, that the same warmth and affection he himself feels for these peoples is possible on national scales.

WHAT Dickens' novels did to preserve forever the plain people of his age now is being done in biography and autobiography. Anne Ellis and Della Lutes, a half-dozen doctors, an engineer or two, the grandsons of merchants and cowboys have given us memoirs that keep average citizens of America's immediate past very much with us. Bellamy Partridge's *Country Lawyer* is such a memoir and a substantial one. The story of his father's life, it is also a grand biography of the small town as it was in the heyday of volunteer firemen and horse trading.

Some of the elder Partridge's first and best clients were, in fact, horse traders. You had to be a pretty slick lawyer to settle their legal difficulties, and they gave good wit whetting to a youngster just starting his practice. Not that there were dull edges to Samuel Partridge's mind. Almost as soon as he hung out his shingle he began to get after people to make their wills. For one dollar he would draw up a sound, careful document and keep it in his safe. A bargain for the client, to be sure, but in the end the heirs would have to settle the estate, and the young lawyer figured on a fifty-fifty chance he would get the job. He was right. By the time his own heirs had multiplied considerably, these dollar wills were bringing in returns.

One thing the Partridge children had to do — they had to write legibly. For they preceded typewriters, and their father needed many copies of some of his documents. Eight scribes in his own family were no small advantage, but the country lawyer always managed to make the work a privilege rather than a chore.

Gentle, forthright, able to season his wisdom with humor, Samuel Partridge spent his fifty years of practice collecting people's troubles and keeping them secret if necessary. But some of them he wrote down in a little black book that his son later found in a hidden compartment of his old desk. These stories, together with anecdotes and reminiscences, make up an unusual and altogether charming book.

AMERICA has her sixty families; Japan has her five — and the greatest of these is the Mitsui," says Oland D. Russell in *The House of Mitsui*. He might have added that of all the powerful capitalist families in the world this Japanese clan is the most extraordinary. For centuries it has maintained a close-knit unity — almost a state within the state. Since 1694 it has been governed by a family constitution to which male members take an oath of loyalty with religious rites. Although only a few of Japan's great men have been Mitsuis, the family has been able to get the ablest brains in the country to run its manifold enterprises. And some of Japan's most eminent statesmen have pulled the proper wires for its greater glory.

Until recently the great Mitsui talent has been business foresight. They saw the possibilities of trade with the outside world when Japan was still recovering from the bewilderment of Perry's "opening." They were the first to understand banking methods. And when public opinion began to organize against big business they led off with enormous appeasement donations to charitable causes. So swift, indeed, were they to jump that a history of the Mitsuis is really a résumé of the economic development of Japan as a whole. That is exactly what Mr. Russell has written, with fine clarity and also with justice tempered by a politic degree of mercy.

But, when the present fascist military clique took control of Japan, the Mitsuis apparently made a mistake, says Mr. Russell. For a while they profited by supporting it. Mitsui explosives, chemical munitions, lead bullets piled up dividends. Then the military began to demand capital for investment in Manchukuo and China. Big business experienced the shock of regimentation. And where the Mitsuis go from here nobody knows. They are intelligent, ruthless gentlemen, so it is safe to guess that they will try to twist to Mitsui ends their borrowed totalitarianism. The whole story of their vast wealth and power will perhaps never be told, for the clan is secretive. Mr. Russell's admirable story of their past furnishes at least a key to whatever happens in the future.

IT is of the highest importance that the press and the radio use the utmost caution to discriminate between actual verified fact on the one hand and mere rumor on the other . . . I hope the people of this country will also discriminate. . . . Do not believe of necessity everything you hear or read. Check up on it first." Although he was, in this advice, referring to falsehoods about the foreign war, President Roosevelt might have spoken with equal emphasis on domestic demagogy, which has gone up alarmingly of late — so alarmingly, in fact, that a very busy organization, the Institute of Propaganda Analysis, devotes itself entirely to studying the phenomenon. In *The Fine Art of Propaganda*, ably edited by the Institute, the speeches of Father Coughlin, the American most like Hitler in the use of rhetorical devices, are calmly exposed for the tawdry things they are. This clear handbook on how not to believe everything you hear or read is not only usable but very, very timely.

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Book Forum

No phase of our governmental life is attracting so much attention just now as the one that has to do with the relations of this country to the rest of the world. *Inside the Department of State*, by Bertram D. Hulen, tells as much by way of friendly description as the most greedy reader could wish. Mannerisms and techniques, intricacies of office organization, communication system, stiff-necked protocol, executive achievement, and diplomatic coup are here summarized by a veteran *New York Times* Washington writer.

From a mere handful of clerks in 1789, the Department of State has grown to include a staff reaching big-business dimensions, and the human and dramatic steps in this progress are often indicated. The book is, however, less a history than a key to the meshing of the cogged wheels that grind out trade treaties, evacuation instructions for Americans in war zones, place cards at White House dinners and the myriad orders issued in the interest of those who make themselves felt in Washington. How news of a war goes into the Department hopper and comes out as a declaration of neutrality can be found in pages enlivened with endless anecdotes.

A profound analysis of the apparatus handling our foreign affairs is not Mr. Hulen's purpose. His is a job of amiable external examination that should take his book beyond even the extraordinary readership created for it by these extraordinary times.

You hardly need more than the title of *What Will Happen and What to Do When War Comes*. Edited by Larry Nixon, this collection of advice by experts goes into every possible phase of a life we still refuse to contemplate. If you want to brood about your stocks and bonds, your rent and food bills, your job, the children's education, it is all here.

Dorothy Thompson has been making news about the news, and the considered essence of what she has had to say in the last three years about the rise of the fascist international and its threat to democracy is the welcome content of *Let the Record Speak*. If you have time to look from the day's headlines to the pages of this book, you will permit Miss Thompson a stimulating "See, what did I tell you?"

Eduard Beneš, badly as the state he headed has fared, stands before the world as a symbol of democracy. In *Democracy, Today and Tomorrow*, the former president of Czechoslovakia gives his mild philosophy of live and let live. Looking forward as it does to the rejuvenation of government by the people, this is a heartening social document.

M. L. ELTING

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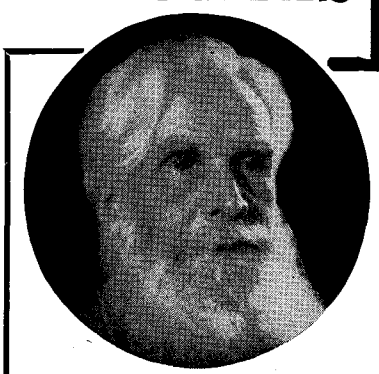

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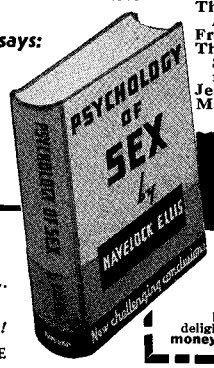

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Travel Briefs

***by* HARRY J. PRICE**

UPON us, roughly speaking, is the eeny-meeny-miny-mo season of travel, wherein the decision rests between the North — Canada, the Pacific Northwest, and Alaska; the South — the Carolinas, Florida, the Virginias, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Mexico; the East — New York, New Jersey, New England, and Pennsylvania; or the West — the wonderlands of Colorado Springs; the Rocky Mountain, Yellowstone, Grand Teton, and Zion National Parks; Bryce Canyon; the Grand Canyon; Boulder Dam; Sun Valley, and others.

Of course you could solve the problem by deciding to take them all in, during one uninterrupted vacation. But then, you're probably like the rest of us and prefer to take things one or two at a time and digest them thoroughly — which, after all, is the best way to travel.

THE Pacific Northwest looms as an excellent choice in this what'll-it-be? season, what with its temperate climate and its vistas of mountain grandeur, rolling prairie, ocean beaches, lakes, forests, and sagebrush lands.

A brief rhapsody at this point merely indicates a strong leaning toward Idaho's famous Sun Valley, that fabulous spot where sun and snow combine to draw paeans of praise from all who have been there.

The sun's rays are warm enough to impart a summer tan in a few days; the smooth mountain slopes are the delight of skiers, and are covered with dry "powder" snow from December until late spring; and there is skating, sleighing, dog sledding, skijoring, and swimming in a warm-water outdoor pool sheltered by a glass wall.

AND then there is Alaska, where the mental picture you have of ice and snow and bleak weather is just completely cockeyed.

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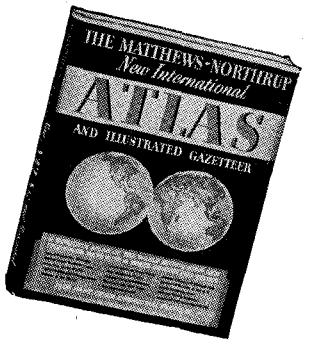

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F O R U M
and Century

OCTOBER, 1939 VOL. CII, NO. 4

Safety Valves for Democracy

Editorial Foreword

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

THE LATEST LAMENTABLE exhibition of mob violence in San Antonio, Texas, where a large mob stormed a small radical meeting, reminds us that we cannot always with free conscience condemn the suppression of civil liberties in Germany. When we give more than lip service to democracy, when the principles implicit in our Bill of Rights are observed in the home, in the school, in the church — in fact, in all areas of American life — regrettable occurrences like the one in San Antonio shall cease to be.

The first article of our Bill of Rights quoted above, the First Amendment to the Constitution, provides our safety valves for democracy. The safety valve that has proved most efficacious in American history is "the right of the people peaceably to assemble." This right we share in common with other democracies and notably England, where in Hyde Park soapbox orators are said to have urged the destruction of the Parliament buildings, while police standing by did no more than smile at their eloquence. Freedom of speech in a democracy, however unpleasant may be its manifestations, prevents the coalescing of emotional hatreds and the mass madness that leads nations to disaster.

Yet, in practice, our Bill of Rights is put to the test of controversy somewhere every day of the year. While the paragraph guarantees free discussion, it does not countenance incitement to violence. Implicit is the assumption that we are living in an intelligent democracy so advanced that changes are to be achieved not by fists or bullets but by ballots.

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION

HAPPILY WE ARE BLESSED, as no other nation in history, by numerous private organizations whose function is to serve the public without prejudice and as impartially as government. One of them, the American Civil Liberties Union, is a group of citizens brave enough to watch and check violations of the spirit of the Bill of Rights, wherever they appear.

The Union recently compiled by questionnaire a survey of the state of civil liberty in American cities — 332 cities of over ten thou-

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sand population. According to its rating — no doubt exacting — no city achieved better than 50-per-cent observance of civic rights. However, 194 cities received a "creditable" rating, and forty-two were classed as "very good." Cleveland, New York, and St. Louis received the best scores on freedom of speech, press, and assembly.

> The questionnaires inquired into local freedom, restriction or discrimination in the enjoyment of the rights of public assembly, free speech, the press, radio, motion pictures and stage, picketing, parades, labor unions, the unemployed, and Negroes, and as to the attitude and practices of the police, and the freedom of speech and action of teachers and pupils in public schools.

The Union is often criticized for being more friendly to left wingers than to right-wing activities. This may be owing to the fact that the latter less often require the Union's protection. The Union has in fact championed powerful corporations. Examination of the Union's recent activities reveals a remarkable consistency in championing the civil rights of every shade of religious or political enthusiasm, from the communists to the Coughlinites.

In Plymouth, Pennsylvania, the Union recently protested the refusal of the authorities to allow a communist, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, to address a public meeting.

In Jersey City, New Jersey, the Union protested the interference of Mayor Hague and other officials with public meetings organized by labor groups. This protest was sustained by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals and later upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States.

At the University of California, however, the Union lost in supporting the stand of conscientious objectors, members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who refused to take a required course in military tactics. The Supreme Court of California sustained the University and, on appeal, so also did the Supreme Court of the United States. Justice Cardozo declared that "one who is a martyr to a principle — which may turn out in the end to be a delusion or an error — does not prove by his martyrdom that he has kept within the law."

In Toledo, Ohio, the Union protested the denial of application for a public parade by the Ku Klux Klan. However, when it was learned that the paraders were to wear masks, the Union withdrew its objection to the denial.

In New York City, there was vigorous public objection to the action of the Mayor in allowing German-American Nazis to hold a mass meeting in Madison Square Garden. The Union heartily applauded the Mayor's decision, as upholding the principle of free speech.

In Chicago, the Union protested without success the refusal of Soldiers Field for a mass meeting to be addressed by Father Coughlin.

The Union recognizes, of course, that civil liberty ends when violation of law begins. The famous case of Gitlow vs. the State of New York has produced important opinions that attempt to define this limitation. The defendant, Gitlow, was convicted under the criminal-anarchy statute of the State for his connection with two publications of the left-wing Socialist Party. In short, he advocated violence. The Supreme Court of the United States affirmed the conviction on the ground that the Gitlow manifesto "advocated not merely the abstract doctrine of overwhelming organized government by force, violence, and unlawful means, but action to that end."

Excitement Not a Crime

Mr. Justice Holmes, however, dissented from the above decision, and Justice Brandeis concurred with him. Justice Holmes maintained that the statements in the Gitlow manifesto created no clear and present danger; that the criterion of legality of public utterance, however passionate, should be that sanctioned by the Supreme Court in a previous decision:

> The question in every case is whether the words used are used in such circumstances and are of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger that they will bring about the substantive evils that [the state] has a right to prevent.

In another more recent decision the Supreme Court has now approved the "clear and present" danger test of Mr. Justice Holmes.

Such decisions as this and the more recent Hague decision are healthy signs of the protection of civil liberties — which is one of the most sensitive and civilized functions of American democracy.

Henry Goddard Leach

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Apostles of Defeat

Bad Advice from Foreign Statesmen Out of Work

by **ISABEL LUNDBERG**

> An able statesman out of work, like a huge whale, will endeavor to overturn the ship unless he has an empty cask to play with. — *old Italian proverb from the introduction to Machiavelli's* The Prince

THE UNITED STATES today has become, with scarcely anyone's being aware of it, the happy hunting ground of a flock of refugee statesmen, driven like birds to these shores by Europe's political storms. Far from being content, however, to accept the quiet sanctuary, these dislodged leaders are still waging political war against their enemies at home. Safe on foreign soil, they harangue lecture and radio audiences, issue statements to the press and, with whatever means come to hand, strive tirelessly to overturn the ship that they no longer command. Deprived of their native constituencies, they now exhort American audiences to join them in their struggle to return to office — to join, in the name of democracy, world peace, and progress.

In 1935, the year in which ex-Chancellor Heinrich Brüning of Germany made the first of two unpublicized visits to the United States, a *New York Times* editorial writer mourned:

> Dr. Bruening is bound up with one of the great lost causes of our day. But people nowadays have little patience for lost causes. They like to describe the leaders of such causes as failures. Once upon a time there was moral grandeur in fighting to the last ditch. . . . Today people remind you that History accepts no excuses from leaders who fail.

The *Times* editorial writer may prove to have been right about history, but he was certainly wrong about the people of the United States. Since 1933 this country has been the mecca of political leaders who failed, and the American people have accepted every last one of their excuses. Indeed, far from having little patience for lost causes, America has become their champion. The success story, lovingly cherished by so many Americans, has gone into reverse.

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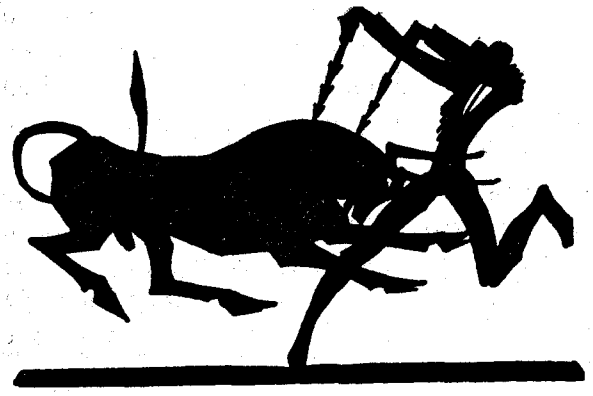
THEY'LL SHOW US HOW!

DR. BRÜNING was among the first of Europe's unemployed statesmen to rediscover America, but he was only one of many defeated German politicians to take refuge on American soil. After the annexation of Austria, Herr Schuschnigg was unfortunately prevented from leaving his country, so that we have not yet heard, from him, why his government fell. For another ex-head of state we had to wait for Czechoslovakia's President, Eduard Beneš, and after him for Premier Juan Negrin, of Spain. The King and Queen of Albania are not here yet; but, should they come, we shall then have the entire story of defeat in Europe, 1939, with alibis.

It is significant that, though all these nomad politicians reached America via Paris or London, none of them stayed in either of those agreeable capitals. With extraordinary unanimity they all headed for the United States — and not, it may be assumed, because America is lacking in politicians of her own.

But America is a great democracy — and so, we are told, were pre-Hitler Germany, pre-Munich Czechoslovakia, and pre-Franco Spain. Austria, of course, was fascist even before the fateful *Anschluss*. It is no longer recalled, however, that Chancellor Brüning was ruling by decree before he took his exit cue. And Czechoslovakia under President Beneš, it is responsibly charged, functioned more democratically for the Czechs than for her several minority groups. For Spain's claims to being a democracy, once the civil war started, there seems to be less and less supporting evidence.

There is, moreover, another and more vital point on which all the statesmen out of work are unanimous. Each is looking forward to a triumphant return to his native land — and preferably his old job — once the "mad dogs" of Europe are again put back on their chains. And, make no mistake about it, there is not one of them who is not counting on the Americans to help him get back in the driver's seat. With no hope of achieving their former exalted status in America, already overburdened with headmen at the top, these gentlemen can look only to an overturn of *Führers* in their home countries as a way back to power.



Ex-Chancellor Brüning, in January, 1936, admitted, in reply to a question, that he hoped to return to Germany "in a day of restored prosperity and freedom."

Ex-President Beneš, upon his arrival last February, referred in all his interviews to "his country, to which, he said, he fully expected to return."

It was not ex-Premier Negrin but Julio Alvarez del Vayo, Spain's former Foreign Minister, who, in May, speaking in the Premier's absence, predicted "the speedy and inevitable rebirth of the third Spanish Republic." And implicit in that rebirth was, of course, the restoration of the same republican officeholders to their old posts.

Now if we are not to seem like the most depraved barbarians, we must naturally do what our distinguished guests expect of us. And what they expect is fairly explicit. "In the approaching battle for the victory of the spirit against the sword," cried ex-President Beneš from Chicago last March, "the United States has a very great role to play. Be ready for that conflict and be strong — O people of democracy!"

Stripped of all patriotic mumbo jumbo, the program is this: America is to help oust the dictators abroad while endeavoring to maintain democracy at home. And the joker in this prize package is that the very men who fell down on the job in Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Spain are all here to give us their advice. We haven't enough amateur prophets, true and false, but we must throw open our forums and our presses to European political leaders whose policies have proved disastrous, yet who have the presumption to lay down a course for the United States to follow.

CRUSADERS ALL

THERE MIGHT BE less objection to these itinerant peddlers of propaganda if they stuck to their excuses, but that, with a rare excep-

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tion, they are not content to do. Nor, again with slight reservation, are they in the least press-shy.

Ex-Chancellor Brüning must be credited with being one of the exceptions. In the two years before his permanent appointment to Harvard's Graduate School of Public Administration in 1939, Dr. Brüning lectured widely, but little of his addresses save the titles reached the metropolitan press. To his student audiences at Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, and Harvard, he presented all the objective reasons for republican Germany's defection, neglecting, modestly, his own role in his government's fall. Of the future, as reported in the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*, "he was evidently convinced that liberal governments in Europe have too much competition from absolutism, and small chance of survival now or at any time in the near future."

It is unfortunate that Dr. Brüning, almost alone among his colleagues in exile, subscribes to that temperate view. The rest seem to hold to a mystic belief in the power of the "democracies" (chiefly the American) to change the prevailing color of the shirts being worn along the Rhine, the Danube, and the Tiber.

Albert C. Grzesinski, Prussian Minister of the Interior from 1926 to 1930 and twice Chief of Police of Berlin, the second time from November, 1930, to July, 1932, came to America from France in 1937. As Police Chief of Berlin, Herr Grzesinski proved singularly unsuccessful in stemming the Nazi tide; yet he concludes his book, *Inside Germany*, with this impassioned plea:

> When will the great and powerful democracies put a halt to pan-German arrogance disguised by the new cloak of Nazism. . . . Not words and diplomatic gestures . . . but only deeds and the determination not to retreat one step further, will check Nazi aggression. It ought to be understood that the widely advertised successes of Nazism resulted not from its own strength but from the weaknesses of others and, above all, from the vacillating and confused policies of the democratic powers.

Toni Sender, Socialist member of the Reichstag from 1920 to 1933 and an implacable foe of war and warmongers in Germany, is another convert to the Stop Hitler (at all costs) movement in America. When Czechoslovakia was, in Mayor La Guardia's phrase, being "kidnaped," Miss Sender, in the column she contributes to a left-wing journal, suggested pointedly: "The fascists are highly vulnerable and it is reasonable to doubt that they could long endure a war." Two weeks later she wrote:

> All those who appreciate the value of freedom and civilization are interested in more rapid action and a readiness to commitments by the big powers for the sake of a stop-fascism front. It must be shown that democracy can act.

Would it be impolite to ask, "For whose benefit?"

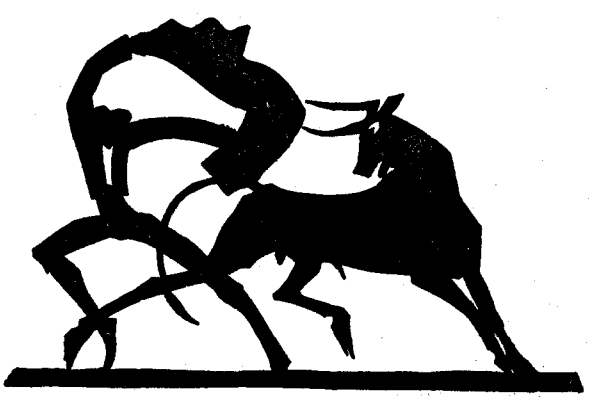
The same "pro-democratic" line is being laid down by other Reichstag deputies now exiled in America, among them the former Social Democrats Gerhard Seger and Wilhelm Sollmann. Having no corresponding party framework here within which to function, these leaders without followers must and do agitate independently for a new crusade to make Europe once more safe for democracy — and for themselves.

Austria, as Martin Fuchs, former personal aide to ex-Chancellor Schuschnigg, makes clear in his *Showdown in Vienna*, made no move to check Hitler's inroads elsewhere:

> While the plebescite struggle was raging in the Saar district [January, 1935] official Austria remained neutral. . . . There was thought to be a great difference between the situation in the Saar district which had belonged to Germany up to 1918, and independent Austria.

Yet exiled Austrian politicians look to the "democracies" to do what they never attempted.

René Kraus, Catholic and monarchist, member of the Press Department of the Schuschnigg government, announced, on setting foot in America in April, 1938: "War is not going to come within the next year, but no world peace can be secure until the democratic powers form an alliance to stop Germany."



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THE CZECH FOREIGN LEGION

NOT, HOWEVER, until the Czechoslovak contingent arrived did Americans get a real taste of political agitation, European style. Czechoslovakia was, to be sure, one of Austria's neighbors, but, when Austria was about to go under the hammer, the *New York Times* correspondent reported, on March 14, 1938:

> Official circles, public opinion, and the press in Czechoslovakia are showing remarkable calm and restraint in their views on the situation in Austria. Besides, while Austria has no allies and practically no army, Czechoslovakia has defenses, alliances, and an army that could hold its own until it received support.

It was only when the tramp of the goose-steppers could be heard in Prague that President Beneš let loose an advance guard of screaming emissaries.

First to arrive was Voijta Beneš, the president's elder brother, who was both Senator and Minister of Education in the Beneš cabinet. He announced himself, on September 26, 1938, as "an unofficial ambassador of good will to the American people."

Next, on January 6, 1939, came Jan Masaryk, Czech Minister to London, who had been out of work since the previous October 14.

Colonel Vladimir Hurban, Czech Minister to the United States, was already on the scene.

At "Save Czechoslovakia" rallies (under dubious auspices), at Advertising Club luncheons and Rotary Club dinners, at organized protest meetings of Czechs and Slovaks, Messrs. Beneš and Masaryk put on their act.

"I call on you brothers, from the Atlantic to the Pacific," cried Senator Beneš in October, "to stand by us."

"Unite," entreated Jan Masaryk in January, "against the works of the devil going on in Europe."

The Senator, who, by the way, had learned how to work on American audiences when he was here in 1915 and 1918, agitating for Czech autonomy, recalled "your heroic farmers, who stood in the American Revolution before the army of the British General Gage."

Said M. Masaryk:

> To compare the treatment allotted to our Germans by my father with the treatment which Henlein and Company are dishing out to the Jews and antitotalitarian citizens of Sudetenland — it is as heaven compared to hell.

As Senator Beneš so eloquently put it, "Czechoslovakia was crucified as Christ was crucified."

Inflammatory as was the language of these ambassadors of "good will," it paled to the feebleness of a candle once ex-President Beneš flung open the furnace of his wrath. This was the man who, while still in Prague, had said: "I do not wish to criticize. Nor must you expect from me a single word of recrimination in any direction. History will be our judge." When, however, the capitulation of Czechoslovakia was followed by its inevitable occupation, M. Beneš, having shaken the brown dust of the Continent from his feet, became the avenging angel of a democracy that in retrospect rapidly assumed the proportions of a Utopia.

The partition of Czechoslovakia, he said, addressing "the conscience of the world," was "a new, shocking, international crime." On March 17, at a time when press and radio were creating hysteria enough over here, M. Beneš dispatched his famous message, protesting a "great international crime," to President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Chamberlain, Premier Daladier, and Soviet Commissar of Foreign Affairs Litvinoff. The language of this message, later cabled to the League of Nations, is typical of the melodramatic breast beating in which former President Beneš has publicly indulged since his coming to America:

> Before the conscience of the world and before history, I am obliged to proclaim that Czechs and Slovaks will never accept this unbearable imposition on their sacred rights . . . and I entreat your government to refuse to recognize this crime and to assume the consequences which today's tragic situation in Europe and the world urgently requires.

Ten days later, in a message read at the Volunteer Christian Committee to Boycott Germany rally, in New York, he said:

> I am pleading that the forces of democracy, freedom, and decency shall give combat to the forces which have already ranged themselves on the other side. . . . There are methods short of actual bloodshed which should prove effective.

Admitting that the Republic of Czechoslovakia had been "temporarily" annexed, he added, "Temporarily, I say, because I know my people, and I understand that the spirit of freedom is not dead. At the right moment you will see that this is true."

Not content with jumping on the economic-

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boycott wagon, regardless of the boycott's effect on the foreign trade of the nation that is his host; not content with uttering, oracle-like, disquieting references to "the right time" and "when the time comes," ex-President Beneš revealed himself the veteran propagandist that he is before the pro-Soviet Third American Writers Congress, in Carnegie Hall, New York, on June 2. Here for the first time he resorted to the atrocity story:

> Czech families spend nights in the woods, not daring to sleep in their own beds for fear of Nazi pogroms. And German peasants, excited by the Nazis who have come from Germany for that purpose, brandish scythes and cry, "The bloody night is coming!"

Using such time-worn devices as, "You all must have heard," and, "I hear that," M. Beneš played skillfully on his audience and finally, in rhetorical conclusion, demanded:

> Is it possible that a nation which undertook such sacrifices for the peace of the world, endeavoring thereby to save other nations from catastrophe, offering as the price the pieces of its own body, can this nation be abandoned now to the violent and inhuman procedure of progressive assassination, spiritual destruction, and material demolition? Can the world of the free spirit permit this? I refuse to believe it.

But who, his listeners are entitled to ask, first "abandoned" little Czechoslovakia to this "spiritual destruction and material demolition?"

Who, indeed, but M. Beneš himself?

In this same provocative speech, M. Beneš admitted that "the Czechoslovak people were prepared to defend themselves by arms to the last breath."

Why were they not allowed to? Who withheld the desperately awaited call to arms?

The tragic truth is that M. Beneš, for reasons of his own, chose to reserve his frenzied oratory for Americans.

Spanish Republicans Cheerful

Like all the other apostles of defeat who preceded them to the United States, the exiled leaders of the "popular front" in Spain refuse to accept the reality of a situation in which they no longer play the dominant role.

No sooner had the *Normandie* docked, last May 1, than Juan Negrin, wartime Premier of Spain prophesied "that the 'fascist regime' of General Francisco Franco could not last long because the Spanish people would not submit to fascist domination." Declaring he had come to the United States as a private citizen (M. Beneš made the same avowal when he landed), ex-Premier Negrin "announced his willingness, however, to give the benefits of his wartime experience to those who still have to face the same adversaries."

Luckily Señor Negrin did not seem to feel that America was in any immediate danger, for he indicated his intention, after a sojourn in Mexico and Europe, of returning to this country, possibly to lecture. Before his departure, however, the former Premier dropped one of those pregnant warnings that are now part of the standard impedimenta of traveling ex-presidents, ex-premiers, and ex-chancellors. Said he:

> If other countries realize that they are fighting for their own existence against the Axis, they will be victorious. But if every day they give up something, first Austria, then Czechoslovakia and Spain, then next perhaps a Balkan country or Danzig, they will be lost.

Señor Negrin said no more, publicly; but he left Spain's former Foreign Minister del Vayo behind to propagate the new "faith."

Like M. Beneš, who in April and again in June saw Europe "just now in a great new fight for democracy and freedom," Señor del Vayo dwells in a modern land of Oz, his glasses colored by the three thousand miles of ocean between him and the grim reality of Spain. "The Spanish people," he predicted early in May, "will rise to a new life of freedom and liberty." And, as for the refugees — their future is just as bright. Señor del Vayo told his Madison Square Garden audience on May 22:

> What I want to do is to draw your attention to the plight of the half-million Spaniards who have lost their homeland — lost it momentarily — sure though they are to reconquer it again.

A Little Job for Us to Do?

The constant iteration of words like "temporarily" and "momentarily" by these politicos in eclipse is no accidental concurrence.

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Clearly the notion the speakers intend to convey is that their successors in high places are just holding on by the grace of the Almighty and through the lack of a united "democratic front." It will take, they imply, only one good push to loosen them from their niches, and then we can all go home.

Who but a fool, after all, would admit his cause was irrevocably lost, so long as there was the possibility that with outside help it might be saved — and, with it, his personal career? Even the Russian politicians who were lucky enough to be exiled instead of "tried" look forward to a brighter day in the land of the hammer and sickle — if somebody else can be won over to the task of unhorsing Dictator Stalin.

On the second of two visits he made to America in 1938, Alexander Kerensky, ousted Prime Minister of the second Provisional Government in Russia in 1917, warned:

> It is the duty of all true democrats and lovers of liberty . . . to bring moral pressure upon the rulers in the Kremlin, to the end that the liberation of Russia from the ruthless dictatorship that keeps her people in subjection and makes it impossible for them to co-operate effectively for world peace may finally become a reality and thus serve as a mighty contributing force to the triumph of freedom and civilization.

The signing of the nonaggression pact between Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany found M. Kerensky no longer in retirement in Paris but newly established as a resident of New York City.

It is surely in the best American tradition to accord these exiled statesmen the refuge they seek from the dictators abroad. Two of them have already assumed academic posts in this country: ex-Chancellor Brüning at Harvard and ex-President Beneš at the University of Chicago. A third, the former Spanish Ambassador to the United States, Fernando de los Rios, has accepted appointment, effective this fall, to the Graduate School of Political and Social Science of the New School for Social Research, in New York City.

With the announcement of ex-President Beneš' call to Chicago, the *New York Times*, speaking editorially, expressed its satisfaction in

> the presence on the faculties of American colleges of teachers who have made history and played a leading role in Government . . . as the lights go dim in Europe. . . . No one is better able to draw lessons from current events and deliver straight-from-the-shoulder talk to democrats than a visiting professor direct from Prague.

That, in the light of the visiting professor's subsequent verbal incendiarism, would seem to be a questionable statement of fact.

Frankly, it may be doubted whether a single one of these defeated politicians, in college or out, has anything to teach us — except the lesson of his own failure. In fact, if the lights are not to "go dim" in this country, too, it is time we began to scrutinize the warnings and admonitions with which we are being peppered by these self-appointed guardians of democracy.

It is only fair to ask: Are these unemployed statesmen interested primarily in democracy or in jobs? Is their goal the defeat of fascism or a return to power by, to borrow a phrase, "a policy that expects salvation by foreign bayonets"?

We may discover, in letting ourselves be stampeded into a new holy war to "save democracy," that we have followed the counsels of defeat and from the wisdom of failures reaped failure.

Next month:

an anonymous personal-experience story,

'My Career on the WPA'

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Guinea Pigs Left March

by **STANLEY HIGH**

UNTIL ABOUT 1927, the American consumer — male and female — was isolated, anonymous, and generally peaceable. Today he is an army with banners. Already more than eighty organizations are instructing, warning, and mobilizing him.

Twenty departments and agencies of the federal government lend him their aid. Through 2,500 home-demonstration agents of the Department of Agriculture, seven million farm women have been made consumer-conscious. The *Consumers Guide*, published by the same department, has a biweekly circulation of 135,000. The Consumers Project of the Department of Labor has more than fifty publications on its free list. Lest the schools be overlooked, the Office of Education, in the Department of the Interior, maintains a Home Economics Education Service.

Consumer's Research, which tests and grades products for the benefit of its three-dollar-a-year subscribers, has a subscription list of fifty thousand. Consumers Union, which does the same things for $2.50, has a membership of 88,000. Consumer buying based on the recommendations of these and similar organizations is said to amount to several million dollars a day. Membership in consumer co-operatives jumped from 328,000 in 1933 to 677,000 in 1936.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs, the League of Women Voters, the Parent-Teachers Association, the American Association of University Women, and a considerable list of other general organizations have also begun to shoulder the consumers' burdens. Consumer co-operatives have won the support of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and, more discreetly, of the National Council of Catholic Women. Support has been supplied for the intellectual wing of the movement by the establishment, through the aid of the million-dollar Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, of the Institute of Consumer Education, at Stephens College, Missouri.

By 1938, courses in consumer education were compulsory in two thirds of the nation's high schools. Nearly three hundred thousand college students gave some curricular consideration to consumer problems. Twenty-four State departments of education included consumer classes in the curricula for their States. Forty-five teachers' summer schools gave courses in the proper instruction of the youthful consumer.

The literary spread is equally impressive. One compilation cites 303 articles, books, and pamphlets of recent origin and makes no claim to exhaust the list. *Your Money's Worth* — the book which blew the first bugle — sold more than a hundred thousand copies and is still selling. *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs* has gone through thirty-two editions to a total of nearly three hundred thousand copies. *Skin Deep*, *Partners in Plunder*, *Counterfeit*, *$40,000,000 Guinea Pig Children*, and a sizable library of other volumes were all widely read. Many of them are still required or recom-

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mended reading in hundreds of high schools and colleges, and are dog-eared by consumer study groups throughout the country.

Many of the organizations in this vast consumer network have as their sole aim aiding the consumer to buy with a maximum of safety and service to himself and a minimum of strain on his resources. The place for such organizations is a large one. More than ever before in our history, the economic attention of the average American has been turned — by the force of depression circumstances — from the making of money to the proper spending of it. The consumer movement was an inevitable end and is — when shed of other aims — a desirable result of that shift. It includes sincere and public-spirited groups with no other motive than the desire to combat the excessive claims of some advertising.

But the times happen, also, to be on the side of pressure groups. The pressure experts, as a result, have invaded the consumer movement. There, they are waging an ideological war. Their apparent objective is not to increase the effectiveness of the consumer's part in the operation of the American economic system. They are out to discredit and hamstring, if not to destroy, the system. Some of them even prophesy that this movement will be the most potent of all the forces which, from various quarters, are currently laying siege to our economic citadels.

II

THE SPRINGBOARD for this aspect of the consumer movement is advertising. The occasional, though still too frequent, shortcomings of the advertiser and the advertised product are exposed. They are enlarged, dwelt on, and made to serve as the basis for usually erroneous generalizations. Honest advertisers and honestly advertised products come in for exceedingly scant, if any, attention. The eager consumer is left where this propaganda aims to leave him — with the conclusion that not only advertising but the whole structure and personnel of American business are dangerous, fraudulent, and in dire need of replacement.

This — the left wing of the consumer movement — dates from the appearance, in 1927, of *Your Money's Worth*. This book was written by Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink. Chase, by profession, was a certified public accountant; Schlink, a mechanical engineer. The one had lately come from the Federal Trade Commission; the other, from the National Bureau of Standards. Wrote they:

> We are all Alices in a Wonderland of conflicting claims, bright promises, fancy packages, soaring words and almost impenetrable ignorance. It is the purpose of this book to explore that Wonderland.

They exhaustively explored it. They broke up mother's toilet soap into its component parts; took the family toothbrushes apart and analyzed its mouthwash. They found well-known cosmetics which were dangerous; widely advertised mattresses which were uncomfortable; automobile carburetors which functioned haltingly; and a whole catalogue of items, from typewriter ribbons and electric flatirons to refrigerators and roofing cement, on which the profit was "gorgeous." The consumer, they concluded, "can be organized by the million to jump through the hoops of the advertiser." Can he be organized to make the advertiser and the producer jump? They thought so. "Some day," they said, the supersalesman "may smile out of the other side of his mouth."

This, so it has been said, was the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the consumer movement. Certainly the trends which it touched off are designed to mobilize the Elizas and Uncle Toms in order to put the supersalesman and, with him, the advertiser and the manufacturer to rout.

Schlink, having expressed the idea, promptly organized it. His organization was Consumer's Research — the first independent effort to lead the consumer, ice cake by ice cake, to wise buying.

Consumer's Research set up its own laboratories and enlisted, at a modest extra-curricular fee, the aid of a corps of college professors. In this way, it was able to give various advertised products the scientific works, grade them as "recommended," "intermediate," and "not recommended," and sell its advice. C.R.'s 1938 *Annual Cumulative Bulletin* rates more than four thousand items.

But this was not merely an effort to streamline and sanitize the nation's market baskets. From the first it sought to mobilize and arm the nation's marketers and get them on the warpath against the big, bad wolves of advertising and of commerce.

Schlink's dedication of Consumer's Research was a clarion call to combat the aggressions of

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advertising and salesmanship. More inclusively, J. B. Matthews, as Vice President of Consumer's Research, pointed out that "the complete case against business civilization can only be stated by enumerating the violated interests of consumers." Matthews foresaw, through the consumer movement, capitalism destroyed and a consumer society, more Marxian than Marx, established in its place.

III

THE FIELD, HOWEVER, was ripe for an even greater harvest. When, in 1935, a number of Schlink's associates fell out with him on matters of labor policy, they established — as a more leftist rival — the Consumers Union.

Many of the officers, directors, and sponsors of the Consumers Union are connected with such organizations as the American League for Peace and Democracy, the League for Industrial Democracy, the Friends of the Soviet Union, and the International Labor Defense. Its President is Colston E. Warne, Professor of Economics at Amherst College and a member of the Executive Committee of the League for Peace and Democracy. The director and operating head of the organization is Arthur Kallet, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a onetime coworker with Schlink.

Kallet speedily put the Consumers Union in the forefront of the consumer drive on business. In the opening paragraph of his book, *Counterfeit*, he declares:

> This is not a detective story. But it is the story of a ring of counterfeiters operating wherever money is exchanged for goods — a ring so bold that its plants are run openly, so powerful that the law cannot admit its existence — The ring doesn't counterfeit money; that's a job for small-time plunderers. It counterfeits goods — You've never heard of the ring? Why, it owns the big factories in Millville, the department store down on Main Street, the automobile agency and the little shops around the corner.

His conclusion leaves nothing to the capitalist imagination:

> The remedy must not be sought in legislation but in a fundamental change in our economic system — In the opinion of the author, good counterfeiting cannot be ended so long as it pays; that is, so long as industry is privately owned.

This frankness is not unusual.

At the Washington hearings on the Tugwell food-and-drug bill, a representative of one of the consumer "testing" organizations is reported to have met, in a Capitol corridor, the head of one of the large drug firms he had been aggressively attacking.

"What are you fellows going after us so hard for?" asked the capitalist. "I happen to know that you yourself use our product in your home."

"Of course," said the consumer organizer, "the product is all right. It's the profit motive we're after."

With Consumer's Research and the Consumers Union setting the pace and the tone, a large number of similar organizations put in an appearance. Many of them preached the same doctrines.

The American Bizarre came into being in Pittsburgh, "to educate the average American to the way he and his wife are cheated daily by the big food companies."

Answers Magazine, published by the "Frauds Exposed Publishing Co.," of Pasadena, California, belongs in the same category.

So does the nationally organized League of Women Shoppers, which makes something of a specialty of picketing, by members of the leftist intelligentsia, of shops and manufacturers whose labor practices are said to be unfair.

Many of the consumer co-operatives fit into the same pattern. The consumer–co-operative movement, says a bulletin of the United States Department of Labor, "has a far-reaching social philosophy. Its final aim is to supply every need of life, social and economic, without profit and by united effort."

IV

THE EFFORT to capture the consumer movement for the left has also had considerable aid and comfort from the New Deal.

In 1933, a Consumers' Advisory Board was set up under the NRA. A year later, the CAB having failed to materialize a millennium, a consumer pilgrimage descended on Washington. It laid siege to the Administration, and was properly rewarded. Mr. Roosevelt appointed a Consumers Advisor to the President.

The man chosen for the post was Leon Henderson, a burly, leftist social worker who was due to go on to greater glory as one of the Corcoran men around the President and who is now installed as a member of the Securities Exchange Commission. Henderson's major

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contribution was the support he gave to the establishment of consumer councils throughout the nation. These councils were designed to serve as the machinery for the consumers' New Deal mobilization. They were hardly under way, however, before the program came to an end, with the demise of the NRA.

The Administration, however, has carried on. It has given active support to the extension of consumer co-operatives and through its various publications has contributed to the developing militancy of the consumer movement in general.

As for the general literature of the movement, much of it echoes the antiadvertising, antibusiness refrain.

Through the Teeth advances the cause on the dental front.

Poisons, Potions and Profits is announced as "the antidote for radio advertising." "The broadcasting companies and radio advertisers," this book declares, "have made a consistent record exploiting radio solely for profits at the expense of the consumer."

Another volume, *Partners in Plunder*, attempts to show how almost every agency of any importance in American life "has been enlisted in the service of business to play their parts in the great game of gouging the American consumer." "The demand of profit at any time," says this book, "is a demand of something for nothing — From a business controlled civilization, fascism stems as naturally as does war."

Johnny Get Your Money's Worth carries the gospel, by means of short sentences, monosyllabic words, and many illustrations, to grade-school children. The manufacturer uses advertising, the author of this book tells her youthful audience,

> because customers are easy to fool. The reason business men spend millions of dollars to advertise to boys and girls is that they can be fooled especially easily. It is time that boys and girls understood this. It is time for them to say: "you can't fool us."

V

To HELP the country's school children to achieve that foolproof condition — and, with it, an anticapitalist point of view — appears to be an accepted policy in some educational quarters.

"Advertising," says a consumers' bulletin prepared by the Idaho State Department of Education, "has assisted in bringing about a fake scale of value in our civilization."

In Virginia, the educational authorities issued a series of questions as a guide to teachers in preparing consumer studies. Among them were these: How do propaganda and advertising lead to waste in family and community life? How does control of scientific research for profit deny freedom for all men? How do periodical breakdowns of the capitalistic order deprive men of freedom? "Capitalism," said this guide, "is based upon the principle of profit to the owner rather than service to the masses of the people."

A professor of economics at Iowa State College had this to say in a textbook which appeared last year:

> That advertising is not very informative everyone knows. For the most part it deals in pictures, slogans and statements that have no particular application to the product or connection with it — By far the greater part of advertising is for brands of no unique merit or any consequence.

Early this year, the University of Nebraska issued a course in consumer education. Where the students in that course were expected to arrive, so far as the country's economic system was concerned, was fairly well indicated by the fact that the twelve items of required reading included: *Your Money's Worth*, *The Popular Practice of Fraud*, *Counterfeit*, *Paying Through the Teeth*, *Skin Deep*, and *The Consumer Investigates*.

In Los Angeles, last year, adult-education classes in consumer education were run in fifteen of the city's public schools. The pedagogical trend is indicated by the suggestive theme: "Do we Buy or are we Sold?"

It is obvious that the net result of this campaign among the nation's young people is to create the conviction that advertising, as observable in the United States, is without a respectable leg to stand on.

Said a high-school student in a recent prize-winning essay on "The Consumer Pays":

> About 90 percent of all advertising is either misleading or dishonest. As a matter of fact, quite recently, a well-known advertising man made the assertion that the acid test of a good advertising man was his ability to make the public buy something it does not want. Hoaxes and untruths galore are the brain-children of the various ad-men.

The step from that callow generalization to the conviction that the entire economic order

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is in an equally disreputable plight is a very short one.

The "instructor in consumer education" in a California high school put on, as one of his projects, a "consumer education exhibit."

On fifteen tables, each presided over by a high-school student, "facts" purporting to debunk the advertiser and, with him, the manufacturer were spread out. One corner of the room was occupied by a "chamber of horrors exhibit" prepared with the aid of the United States Department of Agriculture.

In the course of the evening, various pupils took the platform and gave exposure demonstrations. One pupil, in seven minutes, pulled back the veil of falsehood from the face of the country's magazines. She rated each of a number of them in terms of the percentage of truthfulness in its advertisements. The truthful proportion varied from 20 per cent in a leading weekly publication down to 12 per cent in a well-known farm journal.

Said a not very impartial description of this occasion:

> Each child exhibitor was fully aware of the abuses and frauds of the system against which he gave proof; its profit-consciousness; its sole dedication to price and turn-over; its needless scarcity; its counterfeits and adulterations; its mendacious advertising and high pressure salesmanship. They knew — the hoodwinking, chiseling and gyping that is Big Business.

Generalizations of that sort are obviously leagues removed from anything which could legitimately go by the name of consumer education. They indicate that, somewhere en route to enlightenment, the consumer jumped the tracks and wound up not so much enlightened as indoctrinated. There is some danger that the consumer movement may be similarly derailed. The consequences would be bad for the economy of the nation.They would probably be even worse for the pocketbook of the consumer.

Bon Voyage To the Earth In Autumn

These mournful lanterns that are autumn flowers,
I know, will never last you long enough
To light you through the night of sunless hours
And that long darkness you are dreaming of.
They gutter even in this temperate wind,
And even now are falling out of grace,
And what they were but yesterday is thinned
To something less that dwindles in their place.

When these and their last flowering days are over,
And your long journey from the light begun,
May heavenly asters light the lonely rover
And fiery phlox be-star the course you run
Till such a time as you are back to wear
Your own less mournful blossoms in your hair.

David Morton

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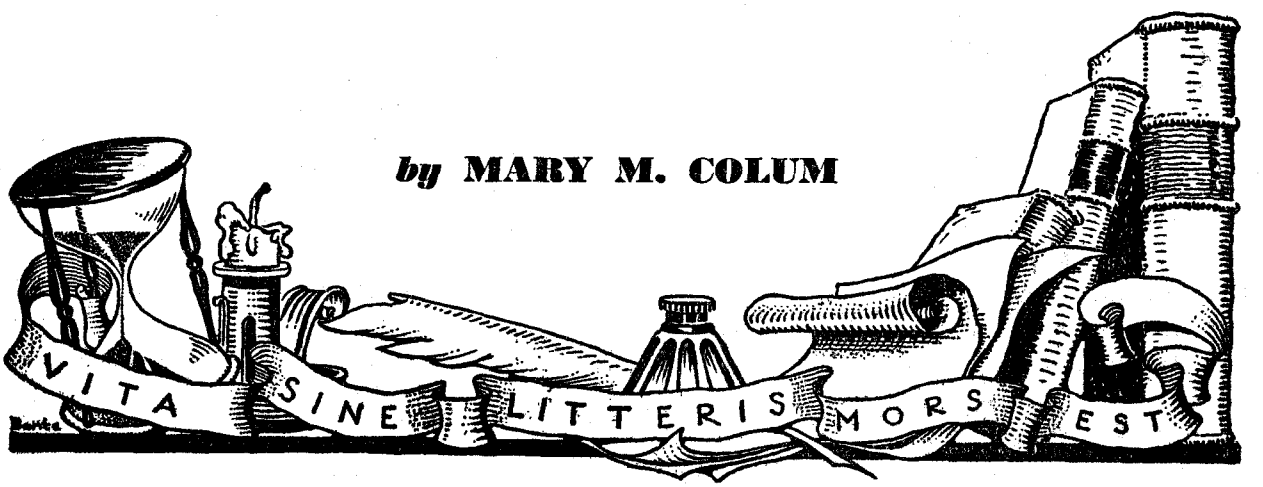
Life and Literature

*The Old and the New**



by **MARY M. COLUM**

It would be difficult to find two ideals of novel writing more opposed to each other than those represented in Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake* and Mrs. Buck's theorizings on the Chinese novel — the published version of her address before the Swedish Academy, on the occasion of the presentation to her of the Nobel Prize "for rich and genuine epic portrayals of Chinese peasant life and for masterpieces of biography."

Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake* represents, for good or for ill, the very last word, up to the present and maybe for a long time in the future, in the development of the novel. It is a step further in the revelation, in the understanding of Man the Unknown, the most unknown creature in the universe, than any we have had up to the present.

Finnegan's Wake will be read by people who have an avid interest in what goes on in the mind and the emotions; it will be read by people interested in the renewal of language, in the sounds of language, and in the fantastic, unexpected word and idea associations that take place in the mind; it will be read by people interested in such things as the racial mind and the racial experience. But it will be read especially by those who have followed the way literature has been going for the past seventy years, for it represents the perfectly logical development of that way, and its influence will stretch far beyond the narrow circle of those who read the book. But I do not believe that that narrow circle will embrace more than a couple of thousand or that a single one of them will comprehend it totally — except, perhaps, some lonely and persistent reader on the banks of the Liffey who can retire indefinitely to an attic with a bottle of whisky under one arm and a musical instrument of some kind under the other, to read of and ponder on an Earwicker who is himself and who contains all the past and future that is in himself.

Finnegan's Wake is the revelation of the goings on in that part of the mind which contains the raw and confused materials of consciousness, and the events of the whole book take place in the minds of people who are in a state of dream, whether sleeping or waking. As we spend at least one third of our lives in sleep and over two thirds of it in some state of dream, it is fitting that some writer should devote himself to exploring what takes place in our minds and emotions during those periods; it is fitting, if we are to give any allegiance to the modern conception of literature as an attempt to portray the whole of man.

The 'Art' of Storytelling

But to return to Mrs. Buck's address: her idea of a novelist is "a story-teller in a village tent who, by his stories, entices people into his tent."

*Editor's Note: — *The recent books discussed by Mrs. Colum in this article are:* Finnegan's Wake, *by James Joyce (Viking, $5.00);* The Chinese Novel, *by Pearl Buck (Day, $1.50);* On Rereading Chaucer, *by Howard Patch (Harvard, $2.50);* Shakespeare, *by Mark Van Doren (Holt, $3.00);* Arthur Rimbaud, *by Enid Starkie (Norton, $3.75).*

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If one limits novels simply to stories told by men in tents or at the gates of cities, one cuts out all the modern developments of fiction. All sorts of long-established literary forms are concerned with stories — epics, ballads, plays, even satires. But we call that form which developed late — the long fictional narrative in prose, constructed according to a pattern — a novel.

The novel has had some sort of development in every Western country since the middle eighteenth century and probably in the Orient long before. There is, for example, a remarkable Japanese novel, translated by the Oriental scholar, Arthur Waley, as *The Tale of Genji*, which has a striking resemblance to the most advanced form of Western novel. But what Mrs. Buck calls the "Chinese novel," judging both by her description of it and by her translation of the narrative which in English is entitled *All Men Are Brothers*, is not a novel at all but an assemblage of traditional tales such as are to be found in the early literature of every country.

In all literature, early narrative, whether in prose or verse, developed out of stories people invented and passed from mouth to mouth, growing in transit as gossip grows. From time to time great artists or a single great artist took hold of them, gave them form, and made them literature, as distinct from folklore. This is the way the oldest literature we know had its beginning, the way the epics attributed to Homer or to two Homers started, the way the *Nibelungenlied*, the way the *Mahabharata*, the *Shah Namah*, started, it is even the way all sorts of modern masterpieces, like Goethe's *Faust*, Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, and Yeats's *Wanderings of Usheen* had their beginnings.

Artlessness vs. Art

What is, from our point of view, wrong with a book like *All Men Are Brothers* is that no great Chinese artist came along to give shape to the material accumulated in it. Like all primitive literature of the kind, it is made up of episodes tenuously related to each other, moral digressions, primitive fancies and beliefs, tales of magic, and a mixture of stories about animals and men. How different is this loosely jointed narrative from the novel of eleventh-century Japan, *The Tale of Genji*! In the Chinese novel, the artless long-windedness, all right for any ancient traditional storyteller, interferes with our comprehension of the characters and their movements; the values, when they do dimly emerge, are never kept long before us. We can read sections, of course, with great interest, but it is only with what might be called the zest of the explorer that a modern reader can get through *All Men Are Brothers*.

The Tale of Genji, on the other hand, is one of the most readable and entertaining novels ever written; there is in it a whole procession of life, a whole civilization, a perpetually exciting world where each character is a separate creation, thinking and doing things we can understand and sympathize with and where nothing is really alien to us. There is a theme all through it not dissimilar to that in that most modern novel, *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, that perpetual human regret for the passing of things, for the passing of loves, of flowers, of dynasties, the passing of locks and hinges into the stiffness of rust, the closing of doors that will never open again. In fact, the story called *The Tale of Genji* is a real novel, and Mrs. Buck cannot persuade me that the Chinese narratives are novels in that sense at all.

The Chinese novel, she tells us, was the peculiar product of the common people. Usually early stories are the product of all the people, and, if Mrs. Buck wants us to understand that the upper classes in China had no part in story making, then this would certainly make the Chinese different from every other people.

She tells us that "the novel in China was never an art nor did any Chinese novelist think of himself as an artist." Now it is only in modern times that the word "artist," for a practitioner of the fine arts, came into vogue; the old division was between the servile arts and the liberal arts, according as to whether bodily labor was or was not involved: painting, for example, was a servile art; arithmetic and logic were liberal arts. Until fairly recent times a not uncommon meaning of "artist" was magician, and "art" was the art of magic; but, on the whole, an artist was simply a man with something to make, whether it was a ship, a poem, or a grammar. Therefore, there was no reason why a collection of stories as-

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sembled in the thirteenth century should be called by a term not then evolved: if the term evolved in China, it could not have been used in the very modern Western sense in which Mrs. Buck uses it. The word "artist" as applied to a writer and the word "art" as applied to writing are so recent that this usage still puzzles many quite well educated people.

Mrs. Buck informs us that the novel was not mentioned among the kinds of writing enumerated by a Chinese literary critic in the eighteenth century, but I doubt if she would find it in the enumeration by a European critic of the same time. The word "poetry" was commonly used to designate every sort of imaginative writing, and this is often still done by the Germans in our own times. In fact, it would save a lot of trouble for the critic if the word "poetry" were still used to cover high imaginative writing of every kind.

Mrs. Buck has, on almost every page, an attack on persons whom she vaguely describes as "scholars"; sometimes by "scholars" she means Chinese scholars, sometimes scholars in general — among whom, she doubtless remembered, were members of that Academy before which she was delivering this address. On the whole, she seems to be confusing pedantic pedagogues, for whom literature is a sort of archaeology, with scholars. Anyhow, she says the scholars made "rules to control the rush of genius."

Here are summarized a few of Mrs. Buck's own rules: The novelist should not make shapes and styles and techniques and new schools; he must not think of "pure literature" as his goal; he must not even know "pure literature" too well (query: what is "pure literature"?). She tells us further that the process which creates is not the process which deduces the shapes of art and that the instinct which creates the arts is not the same as that which produces art. The common people, she continues, are the only ones who can really judge the work of the novelist.

All these rules or injunctions may be very appealing to Mrs. Buck, but it might be disastrous if any reader or writer were to take them with undue seriousness. As for the novelist's not making styles or techniques, that is just what some very great novelists have done — Balzac, Flaubert, Proust, Henry James. As for Mrs. Buck's statement that the novelist is born for the "primary process of creation," it should be said that the creative power is very rare and that, if a dozen living novelists in the whole world have it, we are in a lucky epoch. Novelists in the bulk are simply equipped with a sort of storytelling talent combined with an instinct for self-expression that is quite another thing from creative power. The few first-class writers I have known all hesitated to call themselves creators and sometimes even to call themselves writers.

Folk Art and Culture Art

When Mrs. Buck tells us that she learned her art from the Chinese village storytellers or from the man telling a story in a tent, she is putting herself into competition with Boccaccio and with Chaucer, and these writers are what she despises — clerks, scholars — and both of them were fathers of the modern novel. *On Re-reading Chaucer*, by Howard Patch, is a book by a scholar about a scholar who was one of the great storytellers of the world, one of the great artists of the story.

As we know, he retold stories that were still part of the traditional storyteller's repertoire in his day. Some that he retold had been developed by other storytellers, such as Boccaccio, but, from whatever source he took them, he did something with them that all writers who use early stories have to be aware of: he intensified values.

All writers who go to the early storytellers have to intensify values that were left obscure and uncertain. Gilbert Murray shows how the poet of the *Iliad* did just that. Howard Patch shows that Chaucer did likewise: he cut the stories away from "the world of mere glamour and supernaturalistic thrills."

When we mention "values," we enter a world altogether away from the untutored storyteller's, whether that storyteller be a Chinese in a tent or an American purveyor of stories for the magazines that sell by the million. When Mrs. Buck tells us that she wants her stories to be in such magazines, she must know that what the bulk of readers want is a world of mere glamour and some substitute for the old supernaturalistic thrills, maybe sensual or sexual thrills.

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Chaucer's Storytelling

The great value of *On Re-reading Chaucer* is the author's infectious delight in the vitality, the humor, and the speech of Chaucer. It will, one hopes, turn readers to Chaucer; no one should allow the surface strangeness of Chaucer's spelling to turn him from the *Canterbury Tales*. Turn off the radio, shut up the modern magazines and novels, and I will guarantee to the reader of stories like *Troilus and Cresyde*, *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, *The Knight's Tale* (provided he reads them aloud) a delight that he will get from few modern novelists. Of course, Master Geoffrey could be long-winded, but he knew it and records that the tale he told in his own person, *The Tale of Sir Thopas*, was stinted by Mine Host — "No more of this for Goddes dignitee."

Howard Patch's own book, accomplished as it is, is on the long-winded side, on the tedious side — as is almost all university and professorial criticism. University critics appear, paradoxically enough, to get a little remote from life, withered through too much association with youth. The method and style of books like *On Re-reading Chaucer* is a little withered. University critics have got themselves into a rut, a convention of organization and vocabulary; a lot of them write as if we were still in the pre-encyclopedia, pretelephone, and even preprinting era and so fill their pages with unrevealing, unnecessary references. They need to streamline their criticism so as to get out of their thesis-convention of expression.

Howard Patch's book would have gained appreciably if he could have left out the lengthy digressions, platitudinous citations from professors, ruminations about love and lust, unnecessary discussions on the Aristotelian cause of tragedy or on Matthew Arnold's and Quiller-Couch's opinions on Chaucer's seriousness. All this sort of thing should be barred altogether, unless it can be résuméed by the author in a flashing sentence or two that throw a light on the whole subject.

It requires both hard labor and tense mental energy for a critic to deal with his subject so as to keep the raw material of scholarship at the back of his mind rather than at the front of his work. It requires effort also to convey chronology in some more living way than the usual professorial method of setting down dates in figures.

New Shakespeare Interpretation

Between Mark Van Doren's *Shakespeare* and Howard Patch's *On Re-reading Chaucer*, there is the difference between an accomplished writer — a critic who is expert — and one who confuses the sort of training and information that a teacher of Chaucer acquires with what should go into a book on Chaucer.

Mark Van Doren, too, is a professor, but he knows there are encyclopedias, date books, treatises on folios, and variant readings which anybody interested can look up. His *Shakespeare* is neither biographical nor historical, philosophical nor psychoanalytical, does not discuss dates or texts, has no lumbering digressions, and is sparse in citations from other critics. What citations Mr. Van Doren gives add to the vitality of his chapters — those from old Doctor Johnson being a special delight.

What Mark Van Doren has set out to do is simply to write a criticism and interpretation of thirty-four plays, taking each separately, and of a collection of poems. The total result is a book on Shakespeare of far more depth and imaginative appeal than any that has appeared since Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy*.

The best criticism has been written by men who could write in other literary forms besides the critical one: Mark Van Doren's poet's training has made him an expert in expressing himself without verbiage and in helping him to pick out unerringly from Shakespeare the passages that show most wonderfully the dimensions of Shakespeare's genius. He knows every shade of meaning in every word, in the music of every line. Mark Van Doren must be one of the best living Shakespearean scholars in the only sense in which such a one can be of service to literature — that is, he is a scholar in the poetry and plays that Shakespeare produced.

Besides being good, this is very original criticism. The interpretation is subtle, fresh, and new; the chapters on the poems, on *Othello*, on *Antony and Cleopatra*, on *Macbeth* will give a thrill to even the most blasé reader of books on Shakespeare. It is true that,

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like Homer, Shakespeare has to be interpreted anew for every generation, and I am inclined to think that Mark Van Doren's is the interpretation for our time.

What makes his different from other interpretations is his fine sensitivity to the poetry, his sense of how everything in the plays is integrated — the character, the scene, the symbol, the sound of the verse. How much of Othello is in this single line —

> Keep up your bright swords for the dew will rust them

— and of Cleopatra in —

> I have immortal longings in me.

Is it too much to ask that the new Shakespearean actors read this book in search of light on the characters they impersonate? Has Othello ever been played as he is revealed here — "a great and fearful man" with that "element of mystery and magic native to his original environment"? It would perhaps require supersubtlety to play Macbeth as he is revealed here, but an able direction could suggest that shifting and changing world where, as this critic shows us, the unnatural is in the ascendant; and a new staging of *Antony and Cleopatra* might show us "lovers whose youth is past, without illusion . . . who prefer each other's untruth to any truth that has yet been tried."

Rimbaud the Incredible

Both Chaucer and Shakespeare, in their days, belonged to new literary movements; both represented in their modes of expression an intensification of values that has appeared dimly in their predecessors and contemporaries. Now it is perhaps an accident if a new movement in literature or a new original writer is entirely comprehensible to contemporaries. Some of our most difficult writers today may be easy reading to our descendants; it may even happen that *Finnegan's Wake*, one of the most complex and difficult works ever written, may seem the real literary expression of this age of transition in which we are getting out of a tried order and into an untried one.

Such a book as *Finnegan's Wake* is a natural and logical development from the theories and productions of the French poet, Arthur Rimbaud. Before every happening in the phenomenal world, Rimbaud thought that a poetic expression of it or divination was manifested. Now we have for the first time, in Enid Starkie's *Rimbaud*, a real biography of this innovator and the first detailed interpretation of the style of writing that he initiated.

It seems a long time since Rimbaud flung on the world his poetry of reaction against the literature of realism, his poetry of a deliberate seer. But if he were alive now he would be eighty-five, a contemporary of Bernard Shaw and some other living writers.

Rimbaud was one of the few completely original minds that we have had in literature. He knew almost everything by intuition and divination and he had but little time to learn them, as his literary career was over before he was twenty. In dream and in action he was a man of superhuman energy. Before he was twenty, he made himself the pioneer of a new type of poetry.

His theory was that real poetry had died with the Greeks and had, in the modern world, to be created all over again. The one who would perform this act of creation, however, would first have to disrupt in himself the norm, the exterior, practical, and conventional life.

Deliberately Rimbaud set out to make himself a seer. He took up the study of magic; he set himself to engage in experiences outlawed or distrusted by normal judgment. The common interpretations of real life that passed as literature he mocked at; the necessary thing was to create something new, even if a new language had to be invented to garb it.

He did not go so far as to invent this new language but he disrupted the old language and its grammar, using language in association meanings rather than in normal and practical meanings — which, however, he included too, so that often his vocabulary had several strata of meanings. In consequence his poetry is difficult to read, but it is not beyond the comprehension of a reader experienced in poetry.

This youth was a great poet and a great seer, but he was also something of a scoundrel and something of a lunatic. The relation between him and Paul Verlaine was glossed over for some time by writers in English, but Miss Starkie tackles it disinterestedly, without any futile moralizings. Rimbaud and Verlaine were in love, and they got a great deal of

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spiritual and intellectual excitement out of the relationship, while it lasted.

Before he was twenty, Rimbaud was through with it all — through with Verlaine, through with poetry. When he died, at thirty-seven, he had accomplished two pioneering feats: when he devoted himself to composition, he was the pioneer of a new type of poetry; when he devoted himself to action, he became one of the pioneers of European exploitation of trade in Africa, for in Abyssinia he had been a merchant in coffee and perfumes, also a gun runner and a slave trader. The book that Enid Starkie has written has a twofold interest; it is exciting as the life of an adventurer and the life of a poet; and both these lives were so strange as to be incredible.

It was perhaps the degrading and disastrous outcome of his relation with Verlaine that made Rimbaud cut himself off from Europe and the literary life forever. After his disappearance in the East, the gradually increasing group of his admirers declared he had left behind him the secret of the poetry of the future.

What is in Rimbaud's poetry that has made it so influential? It holds a vision of the world completely different from that in traditional European literature. A reader, to understand a poem like "Le Bateau Ivre," Rimbaud's best-known poem, must begin by discarding the notion that literature has to have a logical meaning; he has to use all the faculties he possesses — his emotions, his intellect, every sort of imagination he can draw on; he has to sense word associations and image associations; he has to derive a fresh meaning of a word from its sound. And then, when he has finished reading the poem, he has put so much of himself into it and got so much out of it that he and it can never separate again.

The only drawback to Enid Starkie's exciting biography is that she presents no translation of the poems; one has to be a better French scholar than the ordinary foreign reader of French to understand Rimbaud's poetry. There does exist, however, a narrative poem on Rimbaud's life by Leonard Bacon, *Dream and Action*, in the appendix to which there is an English version of "Le Bateau Ivre." This may be a help to a beginning reader of Rimbaud. And it should be noted that this strange poem has its inspiration in the impact of the American adventure writers, Fenimore Cooper and Captain Mayne Reid, on the mind of European youth. Their books gave a new scenery and new types to literature.

Dreams into Words

The vision of America that is in "Le Bateau Ivre" was shared by many imaginative Europeans; something of it is in the preface to Eugene Jolas' *I Have Seen Monsters and Angels:*

> I would suddenly find myself catapulted into an incredible dream-America, a real-unreal ambiance. . . . Influenced by my reading of the lives and adventures of Columbus, Cortez, Pizzaro, I saw myself the leader of a great army that succeeded after heroic battles in defeating enemy hordes on the Pan-American continent.

Eugene Jolas, as a good disciple of the author of *Finnegan's Wake*, as a good disciple of Rimbaud, believes that dreams, waking or sleeping, have a prophetic significance.

> The word-or-object symbols of the dream reproduce the conflict between the lower and the higher forces. The clash between the irrational forces of the past and the cosmological forces of the future can be seen in the new sense of time which the night life reveals to us.

Now the difference between the old and the very modern literature is precisely in this concern with time — this modern concern which has obsessed the philosophers as well as the poets and the novelists. This new formulation of time and the significance of dream brings me back to *Finnegan's Wake*. But I have to confess that, like every other reader of that book, I do not yet completely comprehend it. If there are enough readers of this department interested, I will return to it in a later article, when I know more about it.

Mrs. Colum resumes this month her regular discussions of current literature and will continue them through the winter months

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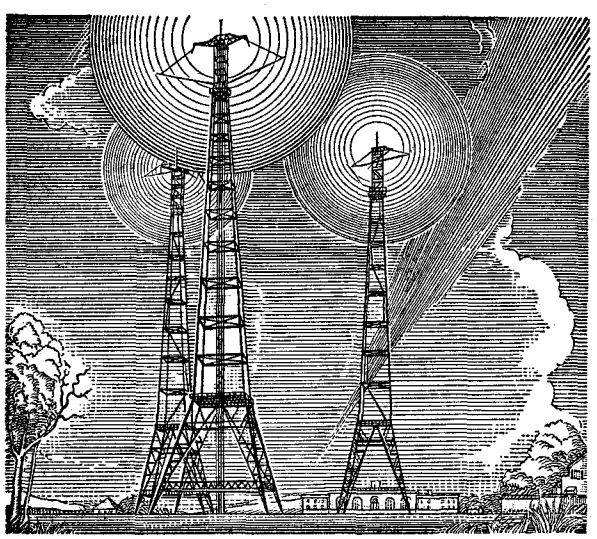
Town Meeting's on the Air Again

by **EARL SPARLING**



AMERICA'S miracle radio program has no music, no actors, no gag men, no rehearsals, none of the "musts" of show business. Yet it is broadcast without pay by eighty-three stations, is heard by five to ten million persons, is spread by short wave around the world. It is a show that half a dozen large advertisers would like to sponsor at almost any price — but they can't buy it.

What America's Town Meeting of the Air does have is a showman, George V. Denny, Jr., a chap who wanted to be an actor but never quite made the grade. Ensnared in the dull job of directing a solemn cultural institution, the League for Political Education, Denny began his program in 1935 as a deadly serious hour designed solely to make listeners think — and think strenuously.

Without changing that goal in the least he has turned the ponderous experiment into a smash hit that tops almost any accepted test of microphone popularity. The Women's National Radio Committee last year awarded Town Meeting its golden microphone. The Women's Auxiliary of the American Legion picked it as "the best unbiased discussion of political, economic and international problems." The *Radio Guide* gave it a gold plaque as "best on the air," and that publication's readers voted it "best of type." You get an idea of its standing when you learn that two of the greatest commercial programs on the air, buying their hookups, have respectively 102 and 107 stations and that Town Meeting, paying nothing and depending only on public demand, had eighty-three last season.

With national elections looming, the show will be carried this season for twenty-six weeks by every National Broadcasting Company station not prevented by conflicting Thursday-night contracts. As indication of excitement in store and of Denny's showmanship, the first offering, on October 5, will be Secretary Ickes versus General Hugh S. Johnson, columnist critic of the Administration. Ickes and Johnson are the country's foremost disciples of picturesque speech and are friendly enemies besides. The subject of this meeting is "The Current Political Situation," but Ickes has announced that he will make it a free-for-all on the third-term issue.

GEORGE DENNY'S BIG SHOW

TOWN MEETING is not a debating platform. A debate has rules. In Town Hall, New York, the chosen experts are put in front of the microphone and can say anything they want; not even Denny knows what that will be. At the end, the studio audience of some 1,500 persons may heckle at will. An invited speaker is expected to answer any pertinent question put by plain John Citizen. Woe to his national dignity if he hedges.

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That heckling device is Denny's showman stroke. It has brought Town Meeting down from a jousting of master minds to something the masses can take part in.

Denny did not learn his showmanship by accident. He studied acting and playwriting with the famous Carolina Playmakers at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. He arrived in New York twelve years ago with his wife, Mary Traill, also a Playmaker. Five days after hitting Broadway he had a part with Charles Coburn in *Old Bill, M.P.* The play lasted five days. Next he found himself a piece appropriately called *Junk*, which lasted less than five days. Then *Window Panes* lasted hardly at all, because the leading lady had hysterics the opening night.

Young married couples, with twins on the way, must eat. Denny managed the Feakins lecture bureau for a year, then became head of extension courses at Columbia University, and in 1931 went to the League for Political Education as Associate Director. Now in full charge, he has changed that cumbersome name to Town Hall, Inc., in recognition of the place where his studio audience meets.

Denny's interest in politics is not superficial. He said recently:

> It is clear that the majority of our citizens follow party leadership. Roughly 80 per cent of the voters are divided about equally between the two major parties. The remaining 20 per cent belong to the minority parties or can be swayed from one party to another. Here Town Hall must concentrate its efforts, hoping for an ever widening area of independent voters. It is this group that has the balance of power.

If Denny's analysis is reasonably sound, he and Town Meeting may play a real part in the 1940 fracas. Which suggests that everyone should know how he runs things.

An advisory committee of 150 representative citizens can make suggestions, but in practice Denny and his aides choose both subjects and speakers. Speakers must be well known, well informed, or both. If he has one speaker fairly familiar to the public, Denny feels he can throw in others of whom the average radio listener never heard.

For instance, to Walter Wanger, Hollywood producer, and William Lyon Phelps, whom fans would surely know, Denny added Harlow Shapley, one of the world's foremost astronomers, and Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, Professor of Applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary. These four discussed "Has Twentieth Century Civilization Improved Mankind?" More than ten thousand letters poured in; no other program drew so many.

Among other speakers and subjects last season were:

Hamilton Fish, Jr., Norman Thomas, Arthur Robb: *What does Free Speech Mean Today?*

Earl Browder, Channing Pollock, J. B. Matthews, Morris L. Ernst: *Is America Menaced by Foreign Propaganda?*

Pearl Buck, Carl Sandburg, Forest Ray Moulton, Frank Kingdon: *What is Humanity's Greatest Need?*

Eve Curie, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Erika Mann, Rupert Hughes, James Rowland Angell: *Peace with Democracy.*

Usually there are well-known names, but now and then Denny throws in a program such as Roy W. Moor and William Morris Leiserson on "Should the Wagner Act Be Revised?" or Andrew Wells Robertson and Thurman Arnold on "Do Monopolies Retard or Advance Business Recovery?" It is doubtful that one listener among thousands could identify those names. Yet each program drew more letters than the seemingly sure-fire attraction of United States Senators Tom Connally and H. Styles Bridges on "What Should Be Our National Defense Policy?" That senatorial show drew only 1,119 letters, many demanding why Town Meeting listeners were thus afflicted.

Denny plans to go heavy on political programs this winter, though he does not expect them to be overly popular. The independent voter cares little for professional politicians.

Running Town Meeting

America's Town Meeting of the Air, the only highly popular sustaining program on the networks definitely not for sale, costs N.B.C. the broadcasting time and about $500 cash a week. Even that fails to cover all expenses, but it meets items which Town Hall never would be able to take care of by itself. Speakers are paid $100 plus expenses, though, when some needed speaker is under a lecture-bureau contract, Denny meets the contract price. Besides N.B.C.'s contribution of network and money, Town Meeting is supported by Town Hall, Inc., which derives its income from members' dues and from the rental of its hall for concerts and lectures and the leasing of other floors to Town Hall Club.

Provided with eighty-three stations from coast to coast and an expense account of some

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$25,000 a year, Denny is engaged in what might be called a national intelligence test. His program is a spotlight on town and turnpike alike, and the radio listener turned up is quite different from the ten-year-old to whom the greater minds of advertising, radio, screen, and politics have thought they were appealing. He is a person sick of blanc-mange, hungry for red meat, pathetically anxious to think and to learn. He demands free speech and fair play. He is passionate for democracy as he knows it, wants no hokum, and apparently has decided that politics and politicians are 100 per cent suspect. So important is this that the Rockefeller Foundation is undertaking a scientific study of what it means.

Denny now has more than 1,400 organized listening groups. They meet in homes, halls, schools, churches, and prisons throughout the country, and are serviced weekly by an Advisory Department. He had to build an annex to take care of this work, Town Hall raising the money in a private drive.

Each group pays $10 a year dues, receiving handbooks on discussion technique and, each week, an article describing the background and issues of the next topic, a suggested list of readings, a "Who's Who" of the speakers, and a bulletin containing a complete transcription of the previous broadcast with a digest of opinions received from listeners. These bulletins are published by the Columbia University Press, and thousands have subscribed for them at $2.50 a season. Several publishers have offered to turn the bulletin into a weekly magazine, but again N.B.C. and Town Hall refused to commercialize.

To handle all this and the weekly flood of mail requires a large staff. At least ten Town Hall executives have found themselves burdened with radio work, although they are employed and paid, like Denny, by Town Hall and not by the radio program. Denny, who acts as master of ceremonies — his radio popularity ranking with that of Jack Benny, Fred Allen, and Charlie McCarthy — gets $200 a week from Town Hall.

Who the Fans Are

The organized listening groups vary from gatherings of prisoners at Sing Sing and Auburn prisons in New York and at Eastern State Penitentiary in Pennsylvania to classroom assemblies in the Texas School of Mines and Syracuse University, where listening and discussion rates scholastic credit. In Memphis and Des Moines, newspapers have hired halls for local discussion groups, and they handle the New York programs as local news. The entire town of Bradford, New Hampshire, turns out, with the Board of Selectmen in charge.

Of all sorts and all degrees are these listening Americans, greedy to think and to learn: farmers of Gheen, Minnesota; government employees in the House Office Building at Washington; WPA workers in Jackson, Michigan; a church congregation in Chicago. The program is recorded in San Francisco, and the disk carried by the *China Clipper* for rebroadcast in Honolulu. Each week there is a reunion of trappers in British Columbia who, as one of them writes, "travel a hundred miles or more on snow shoes for this occasion, so you may imagine our interest." Once when one of the four short-wave stations which shoot the program to Europe and South America was unable to do the job, protests arrived from all over the world.

Listening American groups range from a few neighbors in someone's living room to three hundred students in Maxwell Auditorium at Syracuse University. In Boston the New England Town Meeting, after hearing the main speeches from New York, carries on for half an hour over a local station with local speakers. Memphis and Des Moines follow a somewhat similar procedure, also the Indiana State Teachers' College at Terre Haute.

How the program is used for practical education is shown by this statement from Syracuse University:

> The meeting opens with two University men speaking for 15 minutes apiece. This is followed by the speeches from Town Meeting. Then, instead of questions from the floor at the New York meeting, we have questions from our own audience with answers by our own men.

Consider the cross section of public opinion reached, as indicated by the following letter:

> Our group consist of 7 Episcopalians, 2 Presbyterians, 2 Jews, 1 Baptist, 1 Catholic, 1 Methodist, and 1 agnostic; 1 minister, 3 high school teachers, 1 junior high school principal, 1 civil engineer, 1 artist, 1 clerk, 1 WPA worker, 1 real estate agent, 3 business proprietors and the deputy county clerk.

Or this:

> Those who attend regularly are a high school professor, a doctor, two bankers, a Catholic priest, a

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Methodist minister, the County Attorney, several merchants, the editor of the Van Ness County *News*, two ex-representatives in the state legislature, high school boys, farmers, and laborers.

And these three:

Ten of the fellows at a small tungsten mine 20 miles up in the mountains out of Yucca, Arizona, listen in and appreciate the most intelligent discussion of our times.

A group ranging from three to 14 meet at my shack in the depths of Mojave Desert to hear every program. We discuss the subjects before and after the broadcast and whenever we happen to meet on the dusty road.

We require that all the editors and editorial writers on our newspapers listen to Town Meeting every Thursday night.

In at least seven cities such groups have expressed willingness to pay all expenses if Denny will broadcast one Town Meeting program from their own halls this winter — Chicago, Boston, El Paso, San Francisco, Seattle, Memphis, and Des Moines. The San Francisco Adult Education Council plans to ask the legislature to finance public Town Hall forums throughout California as "one feasible way of making democracy work, to the ultimate preservation of self-government." California has the most stations carrying the program throughout the season, and Californians are second only to the people of the State of Washington in writing fan letters.

What the Fans Like

HANDLING the New York studio audience is Denny's chief problem. This audience includes rabid radicals and hidebound conservatives. The subjects discussed are highly inflammatory, and after the formal speeches anyone may ask a leading question. In short, every Thursday night Denny handles dynamite.

Before the program goes on the air he has an audience discussion, ostensibly to get all into the proper spirit but actually to clear the atmosphere. Troublemakers can't wait until the real fireworks begin. The nut who comes to make a stump speech, the malcontent who spoils for a scrap, the drunk who wanders in by mistake — they all blow off steam at first chance, and are quickly spotted. Denny does not put them out, but it is unlikely that he will recognize them for questions once the real program is on the air.

Only twice last year did Denny invite guests to leave, each time for shouting, "Liar!" One of them, with tears in his eyes, pleaded: "I just lost my head. And in front of fifteen hundred people. What will they think of me?"

Denny says:

Americans want to play fair, no matter how much they disagree with one another. That is the most important thing I have learned. When we are likely to have a particularly lively discussion I appeal to the studio audience for fair play and place upon them responsibility for preserving orderly and intelligent discussion. Rarely is the appeal disregarded.

Politicians just can't accustom themselves to this kind of unseen audience. They step up to Denny's microphone thinking they are addressing ordinary mobs of voting boobs; and letters expressing disappointment, disgust and resentment roll in by thousands. Here are some samples:

Cambridge, Mass.: Town Hall has demonstrated that one of America's greatest dangers lies in the ignorance and befuddlement of its elected representatives.

Lake Forest, Ill.: Did Town Hall deliberately select two Senators to demonstrate the flatulent style of debate and ignorance of major issues that is characteristic of our Congress? It was amusingly horrible.

Cleveland, O.: Please keep our honorable Senators at home or in the Senate, where they can rant and fume to their heart's content.

This radio audience that George Denny has built up reacts in mysterious and confounding ways. Last January, Earl Browder, head of the Communist Party in America, was invited to discuss "Is America Menaced by Foreign Propaganda?" Denny expected a storm. Actually only 3,054 letters were received. Browder himself (Denny keeps track of the personal letters received by his speakers) received no letters at all. The Denny audience detests Communist politicians just as much as it does the Democratic or Republican brand.

A survey of countless letters from Denny's voluminous fan mail convinces one that his "20 per cent of the voters, with the balance of power," are a keenly intelligent, straight-thinking lot.

In an early issue:
'Democracy and Education,'
by Robert M. Hutchins

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The Forum Quiz

This Quiz is designed especially for FORUM readers — to please them but not to measure their intelligence. The questions should not be difficult for the average person. They cover both the light and the serious aspects of politics, science, sports, business, and the arts. Many FORUM readers find the Quiz a stimulating source of entertainment when friends happen to drop in or at parties. Counting 2½ points for each correct answer, a Harvard graduate scored 78½. A young businessman scored 73½. Answers on p. xi of advertising section.

1. If your memory won't, perhaps your knowledge of human nature will tell you which one of these books has sold the most copies:
(*a*) *an adventure story:* Gone With the Wind
(*b*) *a biblical tract named:* In His Steps
(*c*) *H. G. Wells's:* Outline of History
(*d*) *a sentimental novel called:* Freckles

2. When your uncle from Kentucky puts down his mint julep and says, "Begorrah, Ah sho' wish Ah was in Goshen," you'd know that he not only had his accents mixed but also was referring to his great love of:
(*a*) *flat racing* (*b*) *steeplechasing* (*c*) *trotting*

3. Each political party has a publicity chief to grind out press releases, radio "plugs," and propaganda. The Democrats' man is named:
(*a*) *Emil Hurja* (*b*) *Charley Michelson*
(*c*) *Raymond Moley* (*d*) *Herbert Hoover*

4. Reporter Henley has turned in the copy for his poem "Invictus," to appear in the morning edition, but the paper is smudged so badly the linotyper can't make out certain words. Can you help him?

Out of the night that covers me
_____ Pit from pole to pole,

(*a*) *Deep as the* (*b*) *Raised from the*
(*c*) *Black as the* (*d*) *Dark as the*

5. Most critics would say that _____ was the first of the "modern" American painters:
(*a*) *Benjamin West* (*b*) *Winslow Homer*
(*c*) *John Singer Sargent* (*d*) *Charles Dana Gibson*

6. There was a very good reason why the Italian army had its war maneuvers in the valley of the Po not long ago. Strategically, this valley is:
(*a*) *the natural route of French invasion*
(*b*) *the key to the Balkans*
(*c*) *well placed to defend Venice*

7. At present he is Mayor of San Antonio, but his reputation as a left-wing New Dealer was gained in the House of Representatives. His name is:
(*a*) *W. Lee O'Daniel* (*b*) *Martin Dies*
(*c*) *Sam Rayburn* (*d*) *Maury Maverick*

8. A cigarette company recently publicized a fact already well-known to golf addicts, and that is that America's No. 1 golfing family is:
(*a*) *the Wood family* (*b*) *the Dionnes* (*c*) *the Sneads*
(*d*) *the Turnesas* (*e*) *the Bergs*

9. "I am obviously familiar with Father's Day and Mother's Day," says your precocious five-year-old son Agamemnon, "but what is this M Day I read about in the papers?" "Well, Agamemnon," you reply, "M Day is:
(*a*) *the day Germany shall reach the Baltic*
(*b*) *the Soviet anniversary of the Revolution*
(*c*) *the day of U. S. mobilization for war*

10. The Department of Agriculture has been fighting those pesky Japanese beetles all along, but the Department's latest and most effective weapon in the struggle is:
(*a*) *netting to shield growing plants*
(*b*) *a new and deadly spray* (*c*) *quarantine*
(*d*) *the importation of beetle parasites*

11. One of these great nineteenth-century composers wrote almost exclusively for the piano:
(*a*) *Franz Liszt* (*b*) *Frederick Chopin*
(*c*) *Claude Debussy* (*d*) *Vincenzo Bellini*

12. In their newspapers lately the Nazis have been using the term *Lebensraum* a great deal. In English it means:
(*a*) *the axis* (*b*) *living space*
(*c*) *the strong arm* (*d*) *Il Duce says, "Reproduce!"*

13. *Ten Days That Shook the World* is a story of the Russian Revolution by:
(*a*) *John Reed* (*b*) *John Dos Passos* (*c*) *Maxim Gorky*

14. Yes, it's supposed to make sense but it doesn't make much. Please identify the author of:
What clashes here of wills gen wonts, oystrygods gagin fishygods! Brekkek Kekkek Kekkek Kekkek! Koax Koax Koax! Ualu Ualu Ualu! Quaoauauh! . . . Assiegates and bomeringstroms. Sod's brood, be me fear!
(*a*) *Milt Gross* (*b*) *Gertrude Stein* (*c*) *James Joyce*

15. When a baseball pitcher "dusts off" a batter, he:
(*a*) *throws one to make him duck* (*b*) *strikes him out*
(*c*) *hits him with the ball*

16. In what poetic meter is this deathless verse written?
It 'twasn't the cough, that carried her off;
But 'twas the coffin, they carried her off in.
(*a*) *iambic* (*b*) *trochaic* (*c*) *anapestic* (*d*) *dactylic*

17. Just one of these statements about a presidential third term is FALSE. Will you please pick it out?
(*a*) *No President has ever had a third term.*
(*b*) *Washington served two terms.*
(*c*) *Teddy Roosevelt actually served two and a half terms.*
(*d*) *Jefferson and Jackson opposed third terms.*

18. The philosophy here is very dubious, so pay no attention to it. Just select the misspelled word:
Erysipelas, precious, play me another number on your zither. How about a madrigal, a fuge, a villanelle, or a bit of Sibelius set to swing?

19. Recall which one of these American rivers is being tapped for power by the Bonneville dam?
(*a*) *the Missouri* (*b*) *the Columbia* (*c*) *the Colorado*

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20. Seems only yesterday that beetle-browed John Lewis was calling someone a "labor-baiting, poker-playing, whisky-drinking, evil old man." His name was:
(*a*) *Tom Girdler* (*b*) *Jack Garner* (*c*) *Frank Hague*

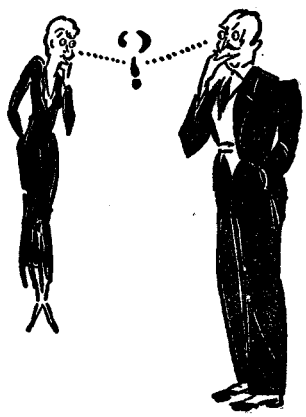
21. Paul Bunyan would be whirling in his grave if he knew girls had taken up the lumberjack's traditional sport known as:
(*a*) *curling* (*b*) *birling* (*c*) *hurling* (*d*) *twirling*

22. While traveling to the New York World's Fair, perhaps you noticed that U. S. Highway No. 1 runs from:
(*a*) *N. Y. to San Francisco* (*b*) *Bangor to Key West*
(*c*) *Chicago to New Orleans* (*d*) *Seattle to San Diego*

23. Because there are still _____ out of work today, unemployment is the country's biggest problem.
(*a*) *three million* (*b*) *six million* (*c*) *ten million*

24. Don't be too hasty about deciding who is the author of the poem ending, "They also serve who only stand and wait". You might be mistaken.
(*a*) *John Milton* (*b*) *John Keats* (*c*) *John Dryden*

25. As a personal favor, please pick the FALSE statement:
(*a*) *The word "succulent" means sweet or sugary.*
(*b*) *Wesley Stout edits the* Saturday Evening Post.
(*c*) *"Mark twain" means twelve feet deep.*



26. "If Mr. Chamberlain doesn't look out," says Aunt Clytemnestra, looking up from her newspaper, "Hitler will give him a *coup de grâce*." Auntie meant Adolf would give Neville a:
(*a*) *kick in the pants* (*b*) *merciful blow*
(*c*) *diplomatic defeat*

27. Please fill in the missing line for Mr. Longfellow:

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest! . . .

(*a*) *But write thy name upon the Scroll!*
(*b*) *Was not spoken of the soul.*
(*c*) *To thy tomb beneath the knoll.*

28. A pretty wife, whose husband is on a long business trip, holds off impetuous lovers by saying she will choose one when she finishes her spinning. But what she does by day she unravels at night. Her name is:
(*a*) *Penelope* (*b*) *Eurydice* (*c*) *Galatea*

29. Since one of the great art treasures in this country deals with it, you should know that a unicorn is:
(*a*) *much like a basilisk* (*b*) *an old English flower*
(*c*) *an animal with a long horn* (*d*) *a griffin*

30. According to Mr. Webster, the word "combatant" is pronounced:
(*a*) *COM-bat-ant* (*b*) *com-BAT-ant* (*c*) *com-bat-ANT*

31. And the man who wrote *Of Human Bondage* is:
(*a*) *Samuel Butler* (*b*) *Thomas Hardy*
(*c*) *Somerset Maugham* (*d*) *H. G. Wells*

32. In but one sentence is the word "juniper" used correctly:
(*a*) *"Mighty pretty flower — the juniper."*
(*b*) *"She wore junipers instead of a skirt."*
(*c*) *"It's certainly an odd-looking tree."*

33. Perhaps you can identify this gentleman by the single phrase, "Peace — it's wonderful!" which is often associated with his name:
(*a*) *Neville Chamberlain* (*b*) *Father Divine*
(*c*) *Adolf Hitler*

34. Do you remember a young lady who, "seated with Stuart and Brent Tarleton in the cool shade of the porch of Tara, her father's plantation, that bright April afternoon of 1861 made a pretty picture."
(*a*) *Becky Sharp* (*b*) *Diana Manners*
(*c*) *Scarlett O'Hara*

35. There's a fine old ballad of the Southwest called "The Strawberry Roan," about a bucking horse that threw every cowhand. Can you fill in the last line?

I was laying 'round town, just spending my time,
Out of a job and not making a dime,
When a feller steps up and says, "I suppose
. . . . . .

(*a*) *That you're a bronc rider by the looks of your clothes.*
(*b*) *You think the foul murder of Roy Bean I'll disclose.*
(*c*) *You're an eastern cowhand by the shape of your toes.*

36. Aunt Clytemnestra has been betting on the races. "Dear, dear," she moans, "my horse has been scratched." Any follower of the horses would know that Auntie's horse was:
(*a*) *withdrawn from the race*
(*b*) *disqualified*
(*c*) *left at the post* (*d*) *last*

37. Just one of these statements is FALSE:
(*a*) *A glove turned inside out fits the same hand.*
(*b*) *Michael Wigglesworth wrote* The Day of Doom.
(*c*) *A manikin is not a little man.*
(*d*) *Charles Reade wrote* The Cloister and the Hearth.

38. And only one of these statements is TRUE:
(*a*) *There are more men than women in the U.S.*
(*b*) *Parrots have been banned for spreading silicosis.*
(*c*) *The sirocco is much like the marimba.*
(*d*) *Crooning is now a federal offense.*

39. Top tennis players, like prima donnas, are always grousing about something. Lately it's about:
(*a*) *the new net, with one side lower than the other*
(*b*) *shorter shorts for women* (*c*) *the new ball*
(*d*) *amateur-professional charity matches*

40. Those whimsical Irish playwrights are always talking about leprechauns. Leprechauns? Oh, yes. They're:
(*a*) *fairies in the form of little old men*
(*b*) *bewitched children* (*c*) *animals that talk*
(*d*) *small, flat pancakes served with ale*
(*e*) *birds that fly backward to see where they've been.*

(*Compiled and edited by* Jo Hubbard Chamberlin)

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The News Abroad

The Defense of Britain

by **VERNON BARTLETT**

THE SUBTITLE above and many of the ideas in this article are taken with gratitude and without apology from Captain Liddell Hart's latest book, *The Defence of Britain*.

Studying the international situation from the point of view of the military historian, Liddell Hart comes to precisely the same conclusions as those reached by supporters of collective security, who have struggled for years against the blind and cowardly prejudices that have now brought us into another and yet more absurd world war. These supporters will be given fresh hope that, while they have failed to dislodge the narrow-minded party politicians who allowed us to drift from the humiliating and soul-destroying surrenders of Manchuria, Abyssinia, Spain, Czechoslovakia, and Albania, this unbiased student of military affairs may succeed.

"Nations contain far more discordant elements than professional armies," writes Liddell Hart, "and are inherently more susceptible to internal disruption."

A recent and very significant book, *Tory M. P.*, by Simon Haxey, emphasizes, with evidence that cannot easily be rebutted, the extent to which the English Parliament is still controlled by aristocrats and plutocrats all of whose training and traditions lead them to confuse their class interests with those of their country and, when the confusion can no longer be made, to prefer the interests of class.

Liddell Hart devotes much space to the strategic importance of Spain, and it is a strange thing that our Tory members of Parliament and naval and military officers, who might be expected to take such matters into consideration, should have supported General Franco throughout, although his allies were the only potential enemies of this country. There are, in *The Defence of Britain*, some interesting quotations from the *London Times*, printed during the Great War, to show how exactly the same Spanish interests that then favored Germany later favored General Franco, while "the strongest sympathizers with the Allies are to be found among advanced Liberals, Republicans and Socialists."

"Modern wars," writes Liddell Hart, "can be lost or won before fighting begins," and he goes on to utter a profound truth which our militarists and politicians so often forget:

> It is an elementary truth of strategy that the first requirement is a secure base. We should be wise to apply it not only in our defence policy but in our foreign policy. To a scientific student, the most serious of all the deficiencies in our preparations for defence was the tendency to underrate the importance of ensuring a secure moral base. This is especially important to the young — who will have to make the main effort. To gain whole-hearted service from them, they must be shown a cause that is worthy of service and sacrifice. For them, the ideals of freedom and justice count for more than material "interests." Among some peoples, the instinct to "save their skins" may suffice. Our people fight best when they fight for a moral cause.

Such reminders are by no means out of place in a book which deals mainly with military strategy — and particularly in view of Liddell Hart's almost revolutionary reversal of the thesis that attack is the best form of defense.

> Impressive as the marching columns may look to the awed civilian spectator, in the eyes of the modern war-scientist they are but giant marionettes dependent, as if they hung on wires, upon a conveyor-belt or pipe-line.

It is this fact which gives such tremendous importance to the morale of the people behind the firing line. Each advance in mechanization reduces the value of the individual soldier and increases that of the cause for which a nation is fighting — for the whole nation, not merely its carefully disciplined army, is involved in modern warfare.

From the purely military point of view the "axis" powers are in a very strong position. Britain's national government appears to have allowed Germany to gain a lead in the first lap which is almost incredible when one remembers the initial handicap imposed on Germany by the Versailles Treaty.

Writes Liddell Hart:

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> We have to face the fact that this last-hour endeavour to rebuild a system of collective security carries with it more danger of war, more danger in war if it should come, and a heavier burden even if war be averted, than would have been involved in upholding the League system as it formerly existed.

The objective should be not to crush one's opponent but to avoid such utter exhaustion that victors and vanquished alike collapse under the strain and civilization does in fact disappear. Therefore the military action of Britain should be limited as far as possible to defense, which demands, at the most, one third of the sacrifice in men and material that is involved in attack. The aggressor, aiming at conquest, may feel that he must occupy the opponent's territory, and, unless his victim be very weak, he will exhaust himself in the effort; but, says Liddell Hart,

> our object is fulfilled if we can convince the enemy that he cannot conquer. . . . As long as we are adequately armed for true defence, and do not, by abandoning our friends, become isolated, there is nothing to support the idea that an aggressor can defeat us.

The fact is that England is no longer strong enough to attack, and yet, in this belated effort to revive collective security, has given isolated and unilateral guarantees to the most awkwardly placed states in eastern Europe.

At the outbreak of the last war England had 2,800 ships of over 3,000 tons, and now she has 1,800. Nearly two thirds of her requirements come from overseas. In April, 1917, one ship in four never came back to British ports, although the Germans were subjected to as close a blockade as the English and the French could carry out and never had more than thirty submarines operating at one time. Now the enemy power has close to a hundred submarines built or building and has the additional help of aircraft, which can play a very important part in harassing shipping.

Nor is it certain that England's rulers have yet appreciated the disadvantages she has to face and the importance of destroying an enemy's morale by withstanding his attacks rather than of encouraging his spirit of resistance by air raids and other acts of aggression against his own civilian population. The ratio of British bombers to fighters and the incredibly inept measures for civilian defense suggest that the British Government is as slow to adapt itself to changed military circumstances as it is to the political changes resulting from the fact that every man, woman, and child is involved in modern warfare.

The defense of Britain, apart from the purely military measures with which Captain Liddell Hart deals in detail, seems to demand two steps which have been put forward in these articles and which, alas, the British Government seems incapable of taking.

One is to base British foreign policy on decent, sound principles once again, so that actions such as the handing over to the Japanese of the four Chinese in Tientsin whom England was at first determined to protect may no longer discourage England's friends and encourage her enemies to believe that in the last resort the British will always cave in.

Such actions undermine confidence not only in the British Empire but — what is much more important — in the force of an international moral code. And the British, without that moral strength, cannot hope to stand up against the material strength of the "axis" powers. If, by her example, England cannot win allies, she will deserve what she gets!

Secondly, England should make known to the world in general and to Germany in particular just what she is prepared to concede in order to make aggression clearly not worth while. If her system of government and sense of justice are superior to those of Germany, England should lose no time in proving it.

What German, reading of the miseries of the Jewish refugee ships and studying the immense areas marked "British Empire" on the map, can be expected to feel angrily ashamed of his own government's treatment of its minorities? What thinking person anywhere in the world can fail to be puzzled by the discrepancy between the wealth of the British Empire and its apparent unreadiness to accept the responsibilities of wealth?

England must persuade the German people that there is an alternative preferable to war.

THE FORUM hopes, as soon as it becomes possible, to expand this department to include opinions other than those of Mr. Bartlett, a member of the British House of Commons

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Should Public Schools Teach the 'Facts of Life'?

A Debate

I—Yes: to Fill a Vital Need

***by* ELLSWORTH B. BUCK**

IT IS ONLY A MATTER of time before aroused public opinion will compel the introduction, in every public-school curriculum in the country, of material which will enlighten children of high-school and junior-high-school age on the so-called "facts of life." In this day of progressive education, when schools teach children the elements of manners and social behavior; habits of healthful living; what foods they should eat; how to use carpenters' tools; how to cook, sew, manage a household, dress, and prepare themselves to earn a living, it is hard to believe that our boys and girls are still left to acquire sex instruction in the gutter.

By far the great majority of our population — educators, parents, and children themselves — is in agreement that, so far as social hygiene is concerned, a conspicuous gap now exists in our closely woven pattern of education. This gap should be filled by the one agency which is in a position to supply, in proper form, the answer to one of the most vital problems besetting every adolescent boy and girl. The school is the only agency which reaches all the children, regardless of color, creed, or background, under similar circumstances. Its policies are uniformly determinable and may thus be made to represent the best thought of all the people. It is adaptable to new conditions and by a re-education of its personnel can prepare to meet new needs.

The frantic activities of a small minority have succeeded in blocking progress in sex education. On the conscience of this minority must rest the responsibility for the continued suffering each year of ever so many young people who, mainly because of ignorance, suddenly find themselves propelled into tragic situations which result in lifetimes of remorse and shame.

As a member of the Board of Education of the City of New York I objected, in August, 1938, to the fact that mammalian reproduction didn't appear in a new general-science syllabus for junior high schools, although reproduction of simpler forms of life was adequately covered. Some pedagogues threw up their hands in horror and asked if I wished to "shorten for these little ones, very precious to us, their period of innocent childhood and awaken in them an interest in a topic for which they are not ready."

I then requested Mr. Eugene R. Canudo, confidential secretary in my office, to conduct a survey and bring to light the true facts. He found that, largely because of youthful ignorance, 7 per cent of New York City's 1,347 recorded illegitimate births during 1938 involved schoolgirls between the ages of eleven and sixteen; that, from the junior high school headed by the principal responsible for the above quotation on "innocent childhood," an average of two girls a month are sent to a local home for unwed mothers; that, during the year

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1938, 2,388 cases of syphilis or gonorrhea among youngsters under nineteen were reported to the City Health Department; and that each year the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has to care for hundreds of girls under sixteen who are victims of rape, compulsory prostitution, incest, and other sex crimes.

A recent letter to my office suggested that I

> invite the opponents of Sex Education in New York City Schools to inspect the pictures and legends inscribed upon some of the desk tops. Anyone who can speak of the period of innocence after seeing these exhibitions of the adolescent mind, will possess a rare amount of conviction.

Even more startling were the statistics unearthed by Mr. Canudo last May when, in a national survey, he found that New York City has less than one third the rate of illegitimacy prevalent in the average large city of the United States. Against a rate of 12.67 illegitimate births for each thousand births recorded in New York City in the last national census (the fifth lowest illegitimacy record among cities having populations of one hundred thousand or more) we find that throughout the country, for the last year recorded, 39.8 of every thousand children born were illegitimate. Examination of these figures reveals that illegitimacy is on the increase and that nearly one half our unwed mothers are girls under nineteen, many of them as young as ten or twelve.

II

OPPONENTS OF SEX EDUCATION tell us that it is the sacred prerogative of the home and the church to instruct children on all matters relating to sex. I agree that it is the *duty* of the home and the church to perform this function. But let us not theorize when there is so much at stake.

The cold, unadorned truth is that few parents indeed are able to remain impersonal, unembarrassed, and unemotional in talks with their children on the "facts of life." Many lack the proper training or courage for the performance of this obligation. My own opinion is that parents generally will be most grateful to the schools for having relieved them of this difficult task, especially if the subject matter is treated calmly, as a part of everyday instruction, and integrated wherever it fits into the courses now given in biology, general science, home economics, physical training, social studies, and English.

The parents' association of a large junior high school in the Borough of Brooklyn thus expresses the attitude of right-thinking mothers and fathers:

> We parents realize that sex education is primarily the responsibility of the home, and that it should be begun in early childhood. . . . Where this responsibility has been met, however, we can see no harm in giving it again under classroom conditions. Where it has not been met, we feel that giving the proper kind of information in school is the only alternative to a mass of misinformation and unhealthy attitudes acquired by children surreptitiously from playmates or bad literature. Intelligent parents will not, nevertheless, shirk their responsibility in giving sex information at home, because they realize that the home can best develop the proper attitudes, but the school should assume responsibility for children whose parents are too ignorant, or too emotionally involved, to give the necessary information, even for protection. We feel that the Board of Education can be trusted to develop the proper methods of instruction and the proper attitudes on the part of teachers.
>
> We hope, therefore, that you will be successful in your campaign to extend education to a field in which the children are vitally interested, and which affects their happiness in life. Perhaps the next generation of parents, who have received the proper kind of education, will thereafter assume their responsibility and thus relieve the schools.

It is hardly reasonable to expect the church to provide sex instruction for boys and girls, considering the brief contact that most young people have with their houses of worship but once a week. The answer, in my opinion, is a well-ordered plan under which the three most important agencies that reach young people — the home, the church, and the school — will supplement each other in supplying necessary social-hygiene instruction. All the other agencies which exercise moral influences on the growing boy and girl, such as the Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, social and cultural groups, should be kept abreast of the school's program and be invited to correlate their efforts with it.

Private schools throughout the country are providing sex education for their students. One of New York City's large Catholic schools gives its pupils a course in sex instruction which goes much further than anything which I have proposed. Why should the children in our public schools, then, remain untaught?

The "hush-hush" attitude now prevalent makes the topic of sex mysterious and attractive to children and causes them to seek in-

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formation under improper auspices. Teach them the truth about mammalian reproduction and venereal diseases and impress on them, in conjunction with their academic learning, the importance of the family unit in the scheme of society and of proper moral behavior toward other boys and girls, and the mystery will be taken out of sex and, with it, the unwholesome allure which now surrounds it.

The public school must be the truthteller, for it alone can be depended on to reach all the children. With proper training of teachers — and facilities are ample to provide this vital prerequisite — the schools can teach sex rationally and understandingly, without embarrassment to pupil or teacher, and children will learn to regard sex instruction as a necessary adjunct to all other phases of the learning process.

Many unsolicited comments have come to my desk since the publication of Mr. Canudo's report. These include editorial endorsements in national publications and letters from educators, parents, public officials, social-welfare organizations, religious groups, and others. They provide a cross section of opinion on the subject from many States and from abroad. One enthusiastic letter came from Venezuela and another from an educator in the Philippine Islands.

Almost 80 per cent of those who wrote me expressed hearty endorsement of a sex-education program for the public schools. More than three quarters of the letters from parents stated approval of the plan, as did 90 per cent of those from educators. One of the latter is an Illinois instructor who for twenty-five years has been successfully teaching mammalian reproduction to his high-school classes.

Among the religious groups, disapproval was expressed by four Catholic organizations, one of which called my proposal "brazen" and two of which termed it "un-American." Another New York City organization not only called it "un-American" but added, "As American citizens we protest the very thought of such a proposal, we refuse to permit our children to be SOVIETIZED."

I regret that business and personal reasons caused my resignation from the Board of Education before the culmination of this campaign. Prior to my resignation, however, the Superintendent of Schools appointed a committee consisting of members of the Board of Education and of the pedagogical staff to conduct a thorough study of the entire question, seek the opinions of experts representing the various points of view, and then make recommendations as to policy. I feel that the efforts of those who for many years have been sponsoring sex education for New York City's four hundred thousand junior- and senior-high-school pupils are at last reaching fruition. I am certain that, following its deliberations, this committee must reach the conclusion that the need for sex education exists and that this need can be met only by adequate and honest inclusion of social hygiene in the several courses.

II—No: to Avoid Emotional Chaos

by GEORGE J. LENT *and* FRANCIS S. MOSELEY

AMONG THE "FRANTIC ACTIVITIES" of the "small minority" which is opposed to Mr. Buck's plan for sex instruction, the best-publicized, the most widely known, and certainly that which evidenced the most careful analysis of Mr. Buck's own proposals is the work of the Sex Education Committee of the Teachers Alliance of New York City, Inc. The second preliminary report of this committee, which Mr. Buck neglects to mention, represents the view of an organization of 9,300 New York City teachers, scarcely a small minority and a number which, we believe, makes the Alliance the largest local teachers' association

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in the United States. The Alliance Committee has published a thirty-eight-page document which found Mr. Canudo's report (made at ex-Commissioner Buck's instance) woefully lacking in pedagogical soundness, hopelessly out of tune with current pedagogical principle, confused both as to aim and as to method, and guilty of the substitution of shameless propaganda techniques for dispassionate, scholarly investigation.

If this seems a long and broad indictment, it is, nevertheless, one which is unavoidable. The campaign which Mr. Buck has been waging for sex instruction in the schools began, as he explains, when he took issue with the professionally trained Board of Superintendents in the matter of a general-science syllabus. Laymen like Mr. Buck who are members of boards of education often imagine that the formulation of educational policy is a matter which requires no scientific expertness. But, if educational research establishes — as it does — that classroom sex instruction involves pedagogical difficulties absolutely insurmountable, wise boards of education will not reverse such findings on whimsical or sentimental grounds. The New York City Board of Superintendents has proved itself wise.

The "survey" conducted by Mr. Canudo to "bring to light the true facts" unearths nothing previously unknown to research. The high incidence of prostitution, rape, illegitimacy, and incest are well known. Evils such as these are not remedied by emotional bemoanings of "tragic situations" or by heart-rending delineations of "lifetimes of remorse and shame." Blandly to assume such phenomena the result of "youthful ignorance" and curable by dispensing factual detail is the height of wishful thinking.

The late Dr. Richard C. Cabot, erudite professor of medicine, vouches for the fact that medical students, who are in possession of all the "facts of life," are no better and no worse from a sex-character point of view than the general population.

Similarly, Hon. Frank E. Johnston, Justice of the Municipal Court of New York City, an expert on the sex problems of juvenile delinquents, says in reference to Mr. Buck's program:

> I question whether the evil . . . can be even partly cured by introducing into the curriculum any of the so-called "facts of life" because it was not shown that this is the field in which there is sex ignorance.

The test of any proposal to teach sex in the classroom will be the purposes for which it is intended. Instruction in subject matter is not an end; it is a means to some higher value.

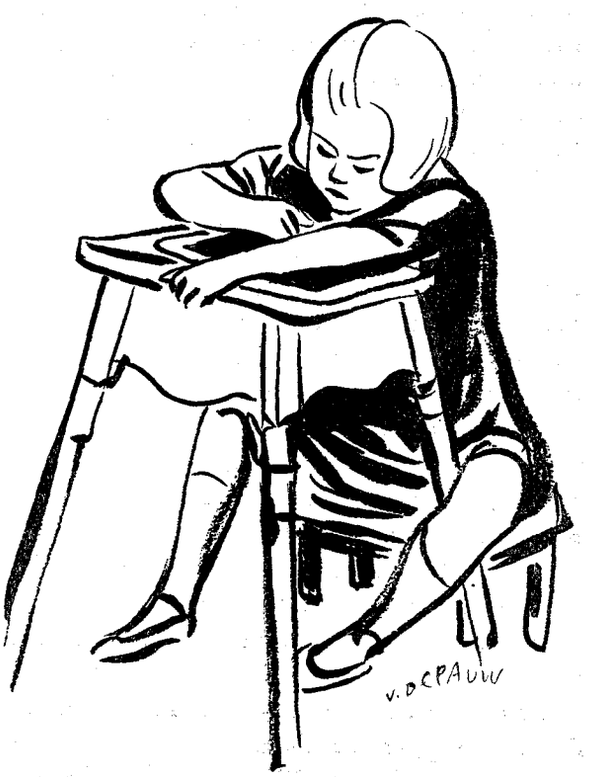
Mr. Buck's aim would seem to be the creation of an attitude in the pupil which regards sex as it would regard any other item of instruction. Sex must be an "adjunct to other phases of the learning process." It must be taught "*rationally*," without "*embarrassment.*" It must no longer be "mysterious." It must be shorn of its "unwholesome allure."

To agree with Mr. Buck, we must accept the assumptions underlying his "objectives." We must assume (1) that sex is the same sort of phenomenon, for educational purposes, as the multiplication table or the irregular verb; (2) that it need have no emotional connotations; (3) that it can be robbed of its fascination; (4) that it can be divested of mystery.

Sound educational psychology does not support these assumptions.

II

CRUSADERS for alleged social reforms may easily lapse into an attitude of impatience



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when they are frustrated by scholarly conclusions. To exhort us not to "theorize," as Mr. Buck does, is to refuse to consult the best educational thought. What has it to tell us?

1. The Doctrine of Character Training

Among desired educational outcomes, the primary modern prerequisite is good character. "Above all else," says Dr. Luther Gulick, Director of the recent Regents' inquiry into education in New York State, "New York wants its schools to build character."

Now the present proposal is preoccupied not with character but with hygiene, not with ethical ideals but with prophylaxis. Character training as applied to sex education does not consist merely in acquainting pupils with facts but in supplying adequate motives for right conduct and in giving opportunity for the formation of habits which will tend to insure right conduct. And these motives, these habits are something with which, for reasons which will presently appear, the classroom is utterly unequipped to deal. Without them, sex information in school cannot but be looked on by those students who do not lack the facts as little more than an officially approved course in smut.

2. The Rule of Individual Differences

Contemporary educational theory is extremely solicitous that the individual differences of pupils be not submerged. If there is one area where individual differences are more significant than in all others combined, it is that of sex education.

Yet it is now proposed to scuttle this well-accepted conclusion of all modern education in favor of a plan which would sink the age, emotional, developmental, racial, religious, temperamental, and assimilative differences, even the differences between the sexes themselves, in one mad leveling process which could lead only to chaos. If the individuality of each child is to be respected when he is taught geometry (with few, if any emotional connotations), how much more so should it give us concern in an educative technique which is affected in the most delicate way by a thousand distinguishing factors beyond the school's knowledge or control?

Thus, the very reasons that Mr. Buck adduces in support of his thesis are the precise arguments against it: "The school is the only agency which reaches all the children, regardless of color, creed, or background, under similar circumstances. Its policies are uniformly determinable." And it is this very similarity and lack of regard for distinguishing traits — a defect in our schools universally lamented by scholars — which utterly incapacitates it for the task of sex education.

3. The Law of Readiness

Sexual guidance cannot wait for the years of high school. It must begin at the earliest possible juncture. In the sphere of the psychology of learning, the Law of Readiness, basic to all modern methodology, calls attention to the importance of giving the child instruction only at the precise moment he experiences a "felt need."

If parents often have difficulty in discovering when such instruction is timely, how much chance has the teacher of ascertaining it? A formal presentation of such material without any regard to its present pertinence will almost always do more harm than good. Is it not rather puzzling that the parent, who bore, bathed, dressed, reprimanded, sacrificed, and prayed for the child, is too embarrassed to approach the problem, while any teacher, young or old, married or unmarried, can speak the magic word on sex at the right moment, on the right day, to the right forty pupils without causing embarrassment or the slightest erotic confusion?

4. The Demands of Democracy

The purpose of the school is to supplement the work of the parents, not, as Mr. Buck imagines, to "relieve" them of it.

A policy of seizing on a supposed abdication of function to centralize it in some other agency does not satisfy the exigencies of democratic procedure. It is a favorite practice of totalitarian governments to use the excuse that the individual wishes to be relieved of his responsibilities in order to strip him, one by one, of his correlative rights. A true democracy will use all the resources of adult education to urge its citizens to a fulfillment of their obligations in the matter of the sex education of their children. Any attempt to foster an educational totalitarianism in democratic America will meet with the reaction it deserves from parents who will not have the home and its prerogatives supplanted.

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Frost on Parnassus

A College Education the Hard Way

by **CRAIG McCLURE**

THE MAIN INCENTIVE for my ever registering as a university freshman with but fifty dollars between me and starvation was the same, I suppose, as that impelling thousands of other boys in America with no financial backing to seek college educations. I wanted to escape the heritage that had been handed me at birth.

My family was of an honest, hard-working, materialistic breed that had for generations produced farmers and industrial laborers. I was the first to finish high school on either side of my parental lineage. The finger of differentiation was early but kindly put upon me. I was a "bright" boy.

Two years after graduation from high school I was working as an office boy and general helper around a small-town railway station in the South. It was my first year away from home. Four of the six dollars I received weekly as salary went to pay my board. In an environment uncomplicated by the moil of neurotic impulses I was later to find I managed to live comfortably enough on my small pay. But from childhood my vision, nourished by solitude and omnivorous reading, had wheeled outward to strange shores. I thought of going to sea. It was the only tangible thing to which the confused hunger of my youth could pin itself. A physical examination brought out my defective eyesight. Thoughts of the navy had to vanish.

But I was not alone. Joe Whetney and Carl Rucker were my comrades. The three of us had been bound together by a common love for books and a capacity for dreaming. All of us were restless with ambition.

Joe worked in a cotton mill as a sweeper. He lived on "factory hill." Carl was the frail, unhealthy-looking son of a village groceryman. Both of them wanted to be journalists. In high school Joe had been awarded a loving cup donated by the editor of the local paper to the best student writer. Carl had been a correspondent for several dailies. I had no idea of what I wanted to do, but my brain was haunted with dreaming.

Each of us felt the need of a college education. It alone, we thought, could permanently inoculate us against the life we had always known — and, after a fashion, always hated. Early one spring we began to lay plans for entering the State university in the fall. How we were going to pay our college expenses concerned us little. We had in mind one of those vague catch phrases of youth. We would "work our way through."

Of the three of us, Joe was the most imaginative. As September approached, he began a critical analysis of our situation and ended with the decision to work one more year before trying to go off to school. That was the nearest he ever got to a college.

From the night Carl and I said good-by to him in his squalid little room on factory hill, his attitude toward life seemed to change. He lost his self-confidence. A latent inferiority complex developed rapidly. He became a dark and constant brooder. His hypersensitive creative mind, untempered by age or experience, turned inwardly to create for Joe a Frankenstein from which he could never escape. Before Carl and I had finished college, something had snapped in that mind.

After the most weird and terrible peregrinations of which I've ever heard, he ended in a charity hospital in the West — a hopeless victim of paranoia, convinced that he was eternally being followed by certain "aristocrats" of our town who were bent on destroying him through the exercise of fantastic mental powers. I still get sporadic letters from him. All of them,

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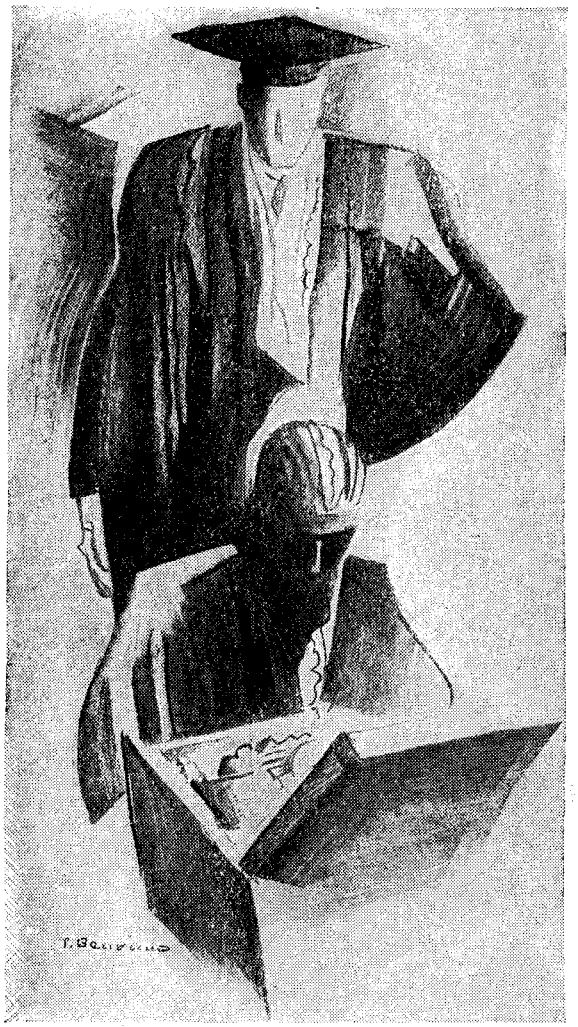

written in his typically careful English, are almost exactly alike. He believes that if he can but get into good physical shape again he will write a profound volume on mental telepathy.

Learning about Work

Carl and I took to the highway one warm September morning and hitchhiked to the State university, two hundred and fifty miles away. We reached the campus a week before school started.

After two days, I was employed to help clean the university's dining hall. It was a prophetic beginning. For the next four years my life was to be mixed bitterly with dirt and grease.

Several days later I landed another job. It was helping to build a road into a print shop. After the road was finished, the editor of the village paper took me into the shop as a printer's devil. It was my first association with printer's ink. From it sprang my life's ambition — to write.

During the next four years, however, I held many jobs besides my print-shop job. Their diversity was curious indeed. I dug ditches, laid culverts, translated foreign languages, assisted a mason, edited a magazine, gardened, carried newspapers, ushered at athletic contests, waited on tables, washed dishes, read to the blind, tended to children, hauled baggage, typed, and did perhaps a score of other miscellaneous things.

Willing to work at anything, no matter how low the character of the job, I was constantly employed. During almost the entire time I was in school I could have given work to many of those boys who left college "for financial reasons."

There was a dearth of men willing to disregard utterly their own health and comfort for the sake of their employers. The self-help bureau at the Y.M.C.A. was forever flooded with applicants "willing to do anything" to stay in school. Most of the boys sought diligently for jobs until they got them. Employed, they quickly lost their enthusiasm. Within two weeks after school started, a homeward trek of the backbone of the nation and the pride of a hundred communities began.

I have never known a single boy of normal physical and mental abilities who *had* to leave college "for financial reasons." I have known plenty who left because they were not willing to pay the price of being in college without money.

That price is dear enough. Reduced to cold mathematical terms, it is appalling.

Five hundred dollars was almost rock-bottom for a school year's expense at my university. Many of us started the fall term each year with but little or no money. Unless one had someone on the outside looking out for him, summer employment was not an easy thing to get. Many of us stayed in summer school rather than chance picking up work outside the college town. There thirty cents an hour was considered good pay for our labor. If we were to make the required five hundred dollars before the spring quarter ended, we had to average six working hours a day, including Sundays.

For two years my regular daily program called for getting up at six o'clock in the morning. From six-thirty to eight I cleaned up the print shop and fired the furnace. I then had a

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half-hour in which to wash, eat my breakfast, and walk a quarter of a mile before my first class began.

Three class hours a day was our average. My last lecture usually ended at one o'clock. By one-thirty I had eaten my lunch and reported at the print shop for work. There I ordinarily labored until six o'clock at such strenuous tasks as melting linotype metal and casting it into pigs, scouring ink off the presses, lugging barrels of dead slugs, and struggling against the ever flowing deluge of grease, ink, and paper to keep the place in order.

Within an hour after I left the print shop I tried to eat supper and report to the library for study. Time in those days was a precious thing. One couldn't afford to risk disturbance in the noisy dormitories if he wished to prepare his lessons properly before midnight.

On Saturdays, when I had no classes, I usually worked from eight to ten hours.

Although it was a program, as I look back on it, eminently capable of bringing a draft horse to an early grave, I followed it in general for four years. I was well rewarded. In addition to paying all my college expenses I managed to make Phi Beta Kappa and to take enough part in extracurricular activities to be crowned in my senior year with the highest of campus honors — election into the Order of Odysseus for "outstanding leadership."

Hand to Mouth

During my off hours I could not afford to spend money on amusements. Every penny counted. During our entire first year at the university, Carl and I spent scarcely a dollar for such things as shows and soft drinks. Fortunately I had developed a love of natural science in my boyhood. For relaxation now I walked about the hills, rejoicing in the fact that appreciating the glories of nature cost nothing.

It must be remembered, though, that we were young. Every desire that youth has, every realization that our golden years were passing in grime and sweat constantly bore down on us.

Gradually my classmates coagulated into small cliques. In order to live as luxuriously as possible, we pooled our resources. A morality to which we had been meticulously bred by our parents faded before the terrific strain of doing without the little things youth's heart demanded.

Our gang was composed of eight or ten boys. We had no rules, but it was a point of honor that each of us do something for the common welfare.

Carl was delivering papers. Each of the carriers he met on his dawn route slipped him a copy of his paper and reported it as unsold.

It was my duty to furnish tickets for various occasions. This was hardly a difficult task. We usually printed the tickets at the print shop. After the regular run had been finished on the presses, I would set the numbering machine back and run a few extra tickets for the comrades.

Buff, a student assistant in the zoology laboratory, had the grave responsibility of supplying us with drinks. Each afternoon he would steal from the laboratory a small bottle of pickling alcohol. This he would pour into a larger jar which he kept in his room. When a sufficient amount of the alcohol had been collected, we would dump a pint of apricot flavoring into it. This ingenious concoction we called

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by an impolite name and reserved for special occasions. Although it scalded our throats a bit, we shut our eyes and downed it like men, hoping to God that Buff hadn't made a mistake and got wood alcohol instead of grain.

An extra tuxedo could be picked up from the back door of a pressing club. Bill, the student clerk, always saw to that. Sometimes I would go to dances wearing some unknown person's clothing, entering on a phony ticket, and boiled on the zoology department's good alcohol.

For three years I roomed above a drugstore. Practically everyone on the floor was a self-help student. Our ages ranged from eighteen to twenty-five. Rats and cockroaches bitterly contested our rights to the rooms. Swarms of bedbugs gnawed us at night. Once, in a short while, my roommate and I trapped fifty rats in our small room, before we tired of the sport and let them run at will. One tough youth deducted from his rent each month the amount he had spent on insecticides since the landlord's last visit. A Baptist preacher's son turned his room into a gambling den in order to survive. By taking a small percentage of each bet, he managed to make a fairly decent living, for the poker games often ran for forty-eight hours at a sitting. Love of course played its part in our lives, but it was of the commercialized variety and came cheap.

Hard Lessons

In this lovely atmosphere I'm afraid that even our humor turned a little bitter. We became sharp and relentless. Our being down did not increase our compassion for others. Rather, it brought out a primitive, wolfish streak in our natures. For the first time in my life I came to know that the burden of misery in this world is greater than any man can carry. Looking at the ills of the world in a hard, practical light, we could find no remedy for them. A man brought down by an infirmity in his nature will, if helped to his feet, fall again, we observed. One wearied at the futility of such kindness.

Our lives were ones of activity. We had no time for impractical theory. If the bread we gave out was sogged with our curse, it still nourished a hungry man better than the volumes of vain theory that the sociologists have written about him.

When Hastings, a poverty-stricken blind boy, moved to our building, we systematically avoided him. To be blind and without money was truly a hardship. We could not afford to risk a softening of the heart. "Oh my God, here comes Hastings," someone would say, and the words would silence the room like the shadow of a hawk on a barnyard.

Yet none of us had anything against him personally. Under different circumstances all of us would have enjoyed his company. He had a diverting personality and a most grimly ironic sense of humor.

The son of a fisherman of the coast country, he had received his high-school education in the State school for the blind. Realizing then that his one chance for living a normal life lay in the further developing of his mind, he had set out, with his trunk and several boxes of canned food, for the university, one fall.

Stopping on the way at his old institution, he divulged his plans to the officials, expecting some advice. He got it. He was asked where his money was coming from. Having no answer, he was caustically advised to go back home. The only reason he did not return home, he later told me, was that he did not have enough money to get there. The university was only twenty-five miles away; his home was more than two hundred.

Sightless and alone then, he had wandered all afternoon on the streets of the State capital. The next day he was brought to the university and dumped off by some acquaintances. It was the easiest way to get the blind boy off their conscience.

For a while Hastings tried to make a living tuning pianos. Existing on cold canned food, he was finally brought down with a stomach ailment. Wandering around without a guide, he was continually bumping into things. His shins became bruised and infected. In the shadows of a famous sociological department, white-hot with theoretical ideas for humanity's salvation, he went as much as two days at a time without a bite of food. He was too sensitive and proud to beg.

In such an environment is it any wonder that our philosophy should early tinge with wormwood, that we should age and tire at twenty? Life had not supplied us with the calloused brains and the unfeeling hearts of natural vagabonds, while giving us their habitat. We were

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of an intelligent class; otherwise we would not have been in college. It was the university's purpose to stimulate our thought each day. Each night we turned our brains to the miserable business of our lives.

Some Could Take It; Some Couldn't

In my junior year I was relieved of my janitorial duties in the print shop and given the job of running the press which printed the college daily. I usually started to work around midnight and quit five hours later. The hours were rarely the same.

Carl delivered the papers that I helped print. My day ended, and his started, simultaneously. During the cold months I would bring his two enormous bundles of papers to our room so that he could arrange them for delivery in the warmth of our building. On freezing mornings Carl would take a swig of corn liquor before starting out. Often he would sicken and vomit on the route.

Trembling with nervous as well as physical exhaustion, often I could not sleep. I lay in bed and heard the winds howl and thought of Carl outside with his frail body and huge paper sacks. With every nerve in my body aching for sleep then I had to crawl out of bed and catch my first class before nine o'clock.

The boy who alternated with me on the "graveyard" shift, as we called that morning press run, failed every subject the first quarter and dropped out of school. The owner of the print shop, an essentially kind man who would fight to the last ditch editorially for social justice, kept me on the job for the rest of the winter. He used me as an example of what youth with ambition could accomplish.

I was not bitter against him. Then suddenly one day I realized that he was one of the lords of civilization, the editor, the determiner, the embodiment of its thought. And my sorrow for mankind and my sense of futility toward life increased threefold.

In those agonized hours of weariness and solitude among the grimy objects of a past-midnight print shop, thought ceased to be either a game or luxury to me. It became a relentless and brutal scalpel, eternally prying into the elements of my surroundings. One by one my temples crumbled until I stood at last above that mysterious and tragic void underlying human life and I knew that from it I must rebuild my faith or perish.

It was the same with many of the other boys who had plunged so innocently into this business of working one's way through school.

Thought is the worst of poisons. The lack of it has kept the great masses of workingmen submissively and, to a degree, contentedly in the most hellish of condition. Material comfort has dimmed the awful focus of the minds of those capable of the bitterest logic. In comfortable surroundings most of the dangerous philosophies with which a university inoculates her sons pass off in harmless arguments. But give a youth the tools of logic, force him into the pitiless solitudes of night, harass him with a thousand physical discomforts — then, brethren, you have started something not so easily ended.

The Vacation That Was Earned

For two years Carl had carried the university's daily paper. Through health and sickness, through winter's bitter hell and the soaking rains of spring, through the good days and the bad days, he had been loyal to that pathetic little job. But his complexion had grown pallid, and a dry little cough he had developed filled me with alarm. After all, we had grown closer than brothers.

And now in the spring of our junior year the publications board was picking a new circulation manager for the coming fall. Carl seemed the only logical choice, and I was certain that he wouldn't have to go out on the route another winter. In his physical condition, I thought, it was imperative that he should not.

The board spoke well of Carl. He had made a good man. But the job went to a fraternity boy whose lack of either desert or experience was amply covered by the fact that a professor of economics on the board had long been a friend of his family.

Carl came to the room after the selection had been announced. His eyes were dull with an inarticulate, dazed hurt. As I watched him staring from our window, my heart blackened against the mob for its fumbling, unintentional cruelty. To hell with what I had been taught about the brotherhood of humanity. Only the individual mattered. From now on I was going to get my share.

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During my first quarter in school, I had been called to the office of the dean of students.

Under the strain of my schedule, I had had to cast aside all thoughts of my physical appearance. My hands, particularly the fingernails, were perennially black with printer's ink. My hair, naturally wild and unruly, was seldom combed more than once a day. I was too weary and pressed for time to shave regularly. One of my professors had reported my appearance to the dean, with the suggestion that my mental condition be checked!

Dean Bracken greeted me with a bland smile when I seated myself nervously before his desk. He taught a class in philosophy and "understood boys." "There's nothing wrong with your think-tank," he beamed assuringly. He warned me against the strenuous life I had cut out for myself and offered to arrange for a loan for me.

Frightened at the thought of incurring a debt I then saw no possible way of ever clearing up, I stammered my way out of his office.

Now over two years had passed. I had not heard from the dean again. A stubborn pride had forced me since childhood to keep my problems to myself. And now what was pride? Vanity — a fool's sterile luxury, I reflected. It too must pass from my life.

Every year a scholarship of a hundred dollars in cash was given to the "most deserving self-help student" in each of the classes. I was making my own way well enough by this time. I was doing far better certainly than many others that I knew. But I was no longer concerned with ethics. I needed that hundred dollars for a little scheme of my own.

This time I went to Dean Bracken unsummoned.

He remembered my former visit, all right. He had followed my career in the university with interest. It was a dean's job to look after his boys.

With an effort I manfully downed the contempt and bitterness that rose toward my tongue and sprang my elaborate, carefully rehearsed tear jerker. I was badly in need of money to finish out my year at school. And that scholarship — well, the dean of students would know if I deserved it. He might even put in a private word for me to the awarding committee. His influence would mean much. I was sure of that.

The dean smiled a bit archly. He would see what he could do.

I had just become eligible for Phi Beta Kappa when my case was presented to the scholarship committee. The fact that I had managed to pay all my expenses so far, besides making good in my studies, was brought up *against* me. Others who had not done so well needed the money perhaps more than I did.

It was the mob's fumbling soul again, crying out against the ambitious. No man asked why half the muscles in my body were beyond control with their twitching. No one mentioned the frozen dawns in which I had staggered out half-blind with weariness — a gray, trembling, shuddering weariness — from the print shop, in order that my bills might be paid.

Fury stuck in my throat, and I said nothing.

"Tell us," one of the men asked, "how you've managed to get along."

"If I do not have money, I do not spend it," I snapped.

My bitterness was lost in the appreciative laughter of the entire committee. That remarkable bit of wisdom had clinched the scholarship.

"That's exactly the kind of men we need in business," cried Dean Haskins of the commerce school.

"Let our man alone. We need him for school work," loyally cut in the dean of the school of education.

Dean Haskins smiled at me approvingly.

Shuddering with disgust and nervous exhaustion, I was bored at their attempts to compliment me. After graduation I heard from none of them — but I got my scholarship.

Three of us who worked at the print shop were awarded a hundred dollars each.

Although we were supposed to use the money for our schooling, two of these deserving young men went to town and blew good portions of it on new clothing.

I took mine and went to California on a vacation.

And Then What?

The last year in school passed quickly.

My work kept me busy to the end. An hour before the commencement ceremonies were to begin, I was up to my elbows in ink, cleaning a printing press. I barely had time to grab my

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cap and gown before the procession began.

Returning alone to my room, I sat down to wait for Carl.

He came in with Charlie Onsley. No friends or families had come to see our graduation. We were glad they hadn't. Sentiment over the affair would have been an insupportable burlesque.

"Well, we're through," said Carl. "What do we do now?"

"God knows," I said.

Five years later I was working with pick and shovel in a ditch in California.

Ten miles away, Charlie was peddling magazines for a living.

Carl was doing manual labor around the print shop.

Hemmings, the business genius of our gang, who had entered school with twelve dollars and graduated with fifteen hundred, after paying all his expenses, was selling insurance on a guaranteed fifty-dollars-a-month trial basis.

We blamed no one — not even the social system — for our predicaments. Driven bitterly to thought too early, we had dunked our young, impressionable brains into a sea of deadly futility from which we could never escape.

The capacity for normal faith, for love, for devotion seemed to have been ripped from our beings. We had only one thing left from the turmoil, and that was a poor skeleton of a faith in our mental integrity. But we hugged it to our hearts.

Thereafter, I moved between two worlds, understanding them both better, I believe, through having lost them.

Each book that I had read, each new thing I had experienced while stumbling around on Parnassus had placed a block in an impassable wall between me and my people. I could never go back to their world again. Those who had been my friends received me with the reserve and suspicion characteristic of the peasant mind toward the advanced, now that I had a college degree. When they did not, I soon became intolerably bored with the limited store of their lives.

In the "upper" classes, I was received with patronage by those who hastily explained to arch-browed guests that I was an unusual character of some sort. I did not care. I had grown not calloused but genuinely indifferent to snobbery. I shunned many of those whom I had once thought above my world.

Out of the furor, the agony, and the beauty of those four years on Parnassus I had gained one priceless thing: I had learned to live alone.

I had achieved self-confidence and a supreme humility. I had been shown that by paying the price one might do anything he wished, within reasonable limits. I had lost all patience with men who say that today we have no opportunity. In those years since graduation, though I've never made more than a hundred dollars a month, I've done everything I've truly wanted to do.

The Way Into Life

After I left school there followed several years of restless wandering over a dozen countries for me, while I sought to readjust myself to life.

Finally I returned to a little cotton-mill town not far from where I was raised. I am engaged in teaching English in the high school there, and each morning I must face forty pairs of bright young eyes.

Sometimes strange moods come over me, and the forty young faces recede into a mist. And I start as three youths come bantering through the door, for they are Carl and Joe Whetney and I. And we are again sixteen.

"Teacher," they say, "you who have been, who have seen, who have lived — we await now. Tell us a way into life."

I come to myself with a start. The room has become strangely quiet. Several pupils are staring at me quizzically. They do not understand these queer moods of mine, but I reassure them quickly with some trivial pleasantry. And the perpetual squirming and chattering of forty lighthearted youngsters begin again.

But a schoolmaster has his work to perform; so I must look sternly to silence these kids as I open my English book. "Today," I say, "we take up Browning. He was what one might call an optimist, a man of faith, a believer. If you study his lines very carefully, he will teach you a way into life."

My words are lost on most of the pupils. But Johnny, dreamy-eyed, serious young Johnny, is staring at me queerly again. This time I know what he is thinking. He believes that my words, as I speak them, are not altogether sincere.

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Can Power Be Humanized?

by **BERTRAND RUSSELL**

Such a question as this must be treated historically and without too much concentration on the present day. The problem is one of the interaction of individual and mass psychology: How much will the ruler dare, and how much will his subjects endure? There have been times and places where extreme tyranny aroused no effective resistance and others where even a small degree of arbitrary power was quickly and successfully resented. We must try to understand what brings about such differences.

Consider, at the present day, the governments of Germany and Denmark. These two countries are neighbors, closely akin in race, religion, and language — yet the one exhibits the extreme of autocracy and militarism; the other, the extreme of democracy and pacifism. This example suffices to dispose of the idea that race, in the biological sense, is in any degree relevant to our problem; no one can reasonably suppose that Germans and Danes differ appreciably in their congenital constitution. It is as regards history, tradition, and opportunity that they differ. Those are the forces that mold national character, and it is through these forces that the humanization of power must be effected.

Democracy was invented as a means of preventing the arbitrary use of power, but its success, so far, has been strictly limited. It is greatest in the small Germanic countries — Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Switzerland. Next in order comes the United States, but here the system has failed to secure justice for Negroes and to prevent the illegal employment of the police on the side of the rich in labor disputes. England and France are democracies at home but not in their imperial possessions. Germany and Italy have made short and precarious attempts at democracy, which the bulk of their own populations regarded as unsuccessful. Russia, Asia, and Africa have never, even temporarily, had democratic forms of government. The nations that are democratic have not always been so.

The chief conditions for the success of democracy appear to be three: first, an educated population; second, a considerable degree of cultural homogeneity; third, a greater interest in home affairs than in relations with foreign countries.

II

As to the first of these conditions, there is much to be said, but for the moment I shall confine myself to the obvious fact that where a majority cannot read it is impossible that there should be any widespread understanding of political issues.

Cultural homogeneity is a vague phrase, and I will try to replace it by something more precise.

What I mean exists, for example, in Switzerland, in spite of differences in race, language, and religion. It is a matter of sentiment, generated partly by history as taught in schools. A Swiss is a man to whom, from earliest infancy, William Tell has been a national hero. An American is a man who reveres the Declaration of Independence. An Englishman thinks of the Armada and the Battle of Waterloo. A Frenchman is proud of the Revolution, unless he is a reactionary — in which case he gives his allegiance to Joan of Arc.

But in addition to these educational myths there is another very powerful source of homogeneity, namely, similarity in national customs, manners, food, games, and so on. This similarity makes life at home more effortless than life abroad and gives rise to a feeling of safety which makes compatriots seem more virtuous than foreigners. Underlying all this is the instinctive love of home which man shares with other animals.

Where there is not cultural homogeneity in this sense, democracy, if it is to succeed at all, must be federal. A federal system is hardly

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possible unless the various groups are separated geographically. In eastern Europe, where national groups are hopelessly intermixed, democracy will be impossible until either some despot has sorted out the populations or some new creed has destroyed nationalism and created a new solidarity.

Wherever hostile relations to outside communities are more interesting to the general public than conditions at home, democracy has little chance as against a dictatorship. Democracy is a method of adjusting internal conflicts of interest and sentiment and seems unnecessary when a nation is primarily conscious of itself as a unit in conflict with others. France in the French Revolution, Russia in the Russian Revolution, and Germany since Versailles were in this situation; and in France and Germany, if not in Russia, foreign enmity was the chief immediate cause of the suppression of democracy by dictatorships. In war the sense of solidarity is such that a leader who personifies the nation easily persuades men to allow him dictatorial power, especially if there is a serious risk of defeat. War and the fear of war are at the present time the most serious obstacles to democracy.

It is obvious that the class war, where it exists in an acute form, makes the rule of force inevitable, not only because all war has this tendency but because class war destroys cultural homogeneity. When class war leads to dictatorship, as it has done in Russia, Italy, and Germany, it establishes the dictators as an oligarchical authority and, by arousing foreign enmity, makes them the representatives of patriotism. As a method of humanizing power, therefore, the class war, in its more violent forms, is inevitably doomed to failure.

Nevertheless, the problem of humanizing power cannot be solved unless it can be dealt with in the economic as well as in the political sphere. I do not believe that it will be solved in the economic sphere so long as the solution is represented as solely in the interest of the proletariat, because the industrial proletariat, in most countries, is a minority and in all countries is too weak to win without such bitter warfare as must lead to dictatorship and so to the creation of a new privileged class. If economic conflicts are to succeed in equalizing economic power, they must not be so severe as to transform economic success into political failure. It will be necessary to have a propaganda quite different from that of Marxism, which will make it clear that economic power, in an advanced capitalistic community, belongs to a mere handful of men, who control not only the proletariat but the professional class and the agriculturists and the immense majority of those who count as capitalists. A propaganda so conducted might win the support of such an overwhelming majority that its reforms could be carried out without any very serious armed conflict. No method which involves a first-class civil war can hope, with present methods of warfare, to humanize either the economic or any other form of power.

Given democracy, both economic and political, there will still be much to be done before power is completely humanized. There must be freedom to criticize the authorities, opportunities for removing men in power if they act illegally, a spirit of toleration as between opposing groups, and a very widespread respect for legality. This last must be sufficiently strong to deter soldiers from following a general if he invites them to overthrow the civil government. Such a state of opinion is not impossible: it has existed in England since 1688 and in America since 1776.

I conclude that the humanizing of power is possible on certain conditions. First: there must not exist, within one governmental unit, such implacable hatreds as are apt to be associated with militant differences of nationality, intolerant religious disagreements, or violent class war. Second: there must be no imminent risk of serious war; that is to say there must be a federal government of the world, possessed of the sole armed forces beyond such as are genuinely needed for police purposes. Third: economic as well as political power must be democratic, which requires that the main sources of economic power should be controlled by the democratic state.

Some of these conditions may seem Utopian, but the modern world moves fast, and they may be realized sooner than now seems probable. Meanwhile, power can be humanized up to a point in each separate nation. It is more humanized in Scandinavia than in England or America and more humanized in England and America than in Germany. But for the danger of war, there would be good reason for a tempered optimism.

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Eastward the Star of Reform

by **OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD**

WHEN THE HISTORY of the Roosevelt Administration is written in the years to come, surely nothing will be stressed more than the fact that the New Deal was a revolution that came out of the East, that its most radical advances were drafted and engineered by Eastern men, and that the President who headed it was not only of the East but was born on the banks of the Hudson in a mansion of seventy rooms and not in a log cabin or in the bare, penurious home of a Middle Western farmer.

That this constitutes a great break with the trend of the previous sixty-five years is not vitiated by the truth that Woodrow Wilson, the Southerner, advocated the New Freedom and Theodore Roosevelt, the Easterner, the Square Deal. Both of these programs were the direct progenitors of the New Deal.

The New Freedom, however radically inclined, failed to make its mark and to change the conditions which Woodrow Wilson denounced so violently in 1912,* largely because of the breaking out of the World War before Mr. Wilson could secure the passage of any really radical legislation; after January, 1915, Mr. Wilson was absorbed by the great issues arising out of that epoch-making struggle.

As for the Square Deal, Theodore Roosevelt's spasmodic efforts for the control of big business and the trusts and the rapid drift toward monopoly were in large measure inspired by the revolt of the Progressives — Midwestern Republicans (the Dollivers, Cumminses, La Follettes, and Norrises) — and also by his steadfast desire to steal as many of the political clothes of Bryan and his followers as possible. The Roosevelt Bull Moosers of 1912 were largely financed in the East, and their ranks contained all the social workers of the great Eastern cities. Yet the bulk of those enthusiastic followers of Theodore Roosevelt were in the West; it was a Western revolt which had spread its tentacles into the East. Nothing that it proposed went as far as the liberalism of the New Deal, unless it should be the recall of judges — which was never heard of again after the defeat of the Bull Moosers.

FERMENT IN THE WEST

IF WE turn back to the period before 1900, the Western paternity of all the post–Civil War radical movements is undeniable. Greenbackism rose in the Middle West and in 1886 was strongest in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, and Michigan. The Populist movement, a distinctly agrarian revolt in the '80's, was strongest in the Southwest, West, and Northwest. The Northwestern Farmers' Alliance demanded the prohibition of trading in grain futures, plenty of money, the free coinage of silver, and the abolition of all the national banks. The Southern Farmers' Alliance platform of 1889 called for a government subsidy for agriculture for which its members, if they survived until then, had to wait until Henry

* *"We stand in the presence of a revolution, — not a bloody revolution; but a silent revolution, whereby America will insist upon recovering in practice those ideals which she has always professed, upon securing a government devoted to the general interest and not to special interest."*

"Our government has been for the past few years under the control of heads of great allied corporations with special interests."

"The masters of the government of the United States are the combined capitalists and manufacturers of the United States."

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Wallace and Franklin Roosevelt took office.

There was the bitterest denunciation of the Southern Alliance's scheme for government financing of agricultural marketing and for extending short-term rural credits by the Treasury to the farmer. It called for the establishment of a government warehouse or elevator in every county in the country which produced a half-million dollars' worth of farm products a year. To this the farmer might bring his nonperishable products, such as grain, tobacco, cotton, sugar, or wool, and obtain a certificate of deposit for them against which the Treasury would have to loan him in legal tender notes up to 80 per cent of the market price of the products stored. They were to be removed in a year or to be sold by the government at public auction. The horror of the East over this manifestation of violent and dangerous radicalism can be imagined.

Government aid for the farmers?

In the '90's that was treason to our state, although it was then busily engaged in extending general grants and aid of various kinds to railroads, steamship lines, banks, and, through the tariff, to all the manufacturing enterprises of the country. The *New York Evening Post* declared that the proposal to give Treasury aid to the farmer was nothing less than insane; it emphatically declared that it had no sympathy with any such "pranks." The Alliance's proposals that the Supreme Court should be abolished and the property of the railroads seized on behalf of the people was everywhere denounced; their proponents were not denounced as Bolsheviks only because that word was not yet in use.

As it was, the farmers had to wait forty-three years thereafter for the realization of some of their dreams and the establishment through Eastern leadership of the Commodity Credit Corporation, of marketing agreements, of a flexible system of government loans, of an extremely radical and unconstitutional crop-control program, and of a great governmental refinancing of the farmers' mortgages.

It is an interesting fact that that monstrous Farmers' Alliance also asked for the ending of the government's dependence on gold for the fixing of prices, something that finally came to pass in 1933; for the freeing of the farmers from the necessity of turning to banks for short-term credits; and for aid in marketing crops over a full year in order to prevent glut — a proposal far short of what Henry Wallace has actually done for the farmer. Its demand for the use of governmental Treasury surpluses for farm credit was excoriated in the East as threatening the raiding of the Treasury by all sorts of groups. Thus, proposals which in 1890 were considered wild Western-farmer hallucinations became the heights of statesmanship when adopted and put into effect by the Eastern New Deal forty-three years later.

But when the Peoples' Party was organized in Kansas in June, 1890, in order to obtain relief and government consideration for the desperate condition of the Western farmer, whose corn crops had been cut to a third because of several years of drought and hot winds, its appeal fell on deaf ears in the East and exposed its organizers to derision and denunciation. Mrs. Mary E. Lease, one of the organizers, demanded that the farmers raise "less corn and more hell." The East replied that it should be "more corn and less hell." Not Mrs. Lease nor "Sockless Jerry" Simpson nor the extravagant whiskers of Senator Peffer of Kansas produced any result in the East beyond ridicule. But the National Farmers' Alliance persisted, for it was "determined to have finance, land, and transportation discussed and settled in preference to all other economic questions."

If there are those who think that the present time is the only really serious one the country has known, they may be heartened by the preamble of the National Alliance program, which described the crisis of that day as follows:

> A vast conspiracy against mankind has been organized on two continents; and it is rapidly taking possession of the world. If not met and overthrown at once, it forebodes terrible social convulsions, the destruction of civilization, or the establishment of an absolute despotism.

That platform, which sent cold shivers down the spines of Eastern bankers and editors by its demand for free coinage of silver, also asked such impossible things as a graduated income tax, postal savings banks, and the government ownership of all rail transportation lines. This Populist movement soon faded out, but what was called the "Populistic democracy" of William Jennings Bryan was a direct result of that agitation, and the income tax and postal savings banks are here to stay, if not the government ownership of railroads.

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It took extraordinary exertions, all the skill of Hanna and the Republican national machine, the bolt of the gold Democrats, and a huge corruption fund to defeat Bryan in 1896. The menace of the coinage of free silver was portrayed as threatening the dissolution of the foundations of our government. The needs of the farmer were entirely forgotten. Manufacturers all over the United States threatened their employees with the loss of their jobs if there should be the coinage of silver at sixteen to one. Major McKinley, who had more than once flirted with the free coinage of silver, became the most rock-ribbed advocate of the gold standard. When the election was over, it was considered that the greatest victory had been won for American institutions since the Civil War.

In April, 1932, an Eastern President, representative of the privileged classes in America in his birth and training, signed the bill which had passed both houses of Congress for the unlimited coinage of silver! Few of the President's advisers protested. Mr. Lewis Douglas, Director of the Budget, declared: "This is the end of Western civilization." Nearly all the Eastern advisers of the President either remained silent or approved.

Metamorphosis of the Farmers

If, soon after the defeat of Bryan in 1896, the Western farmer began to lose his interest in radical legislation and became, as has been said, "converted from a flaming revolutionary into a staid husbandman," it was because of the steady rise of agricultural prices, owing to a failure of wheat crops in India and in Europe, to the increased production of gold, and to other causes. But his apostasy did not stop the demand for reform and for the curbing and domination by the government of the ruling corporations and Wall Street. This gave Theodore Roosevelt his opportunity.

But the Western farmer, unlike his brother in the South, whose condition is today far more threatening and menacing than that of the Western agriculturist in the last years of the previous century, gradually became bourgeois and much more conservative. As William Allen White pointed out recently, this was not merely owing to his greater prosperity. The rural free delivery; the parcel post; the conservative weeklies his womenfolk read; his ability, through the motorcar and good roads, to buy the standard clothes in the larger villages and in the towns or cities, which were formerly beyond his power to obtain; and the radio have made this whole class now feel itself on a level with dwellers in the towns and villages — who had up till then looked down on farmers and their hired help as an inferior, unwashed group.

All this has undoubtedly contributed to the altered political situation in the West. As part of the middle class, the farmers are comparatively indifferent to demagogues and much more ready to turn a deaf ear to revolt and radicalism.

The alarmingly bad economic and agricultural conditions in the South, so serious as to cause alarm even in Washington, are responsible for the loss by millions of farmers of their properties and their turning into farm laborers; the plight of the share cropper is appalling. But as yet this situation has produced no political uprising in the South.

On the other hand, if we look to Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, or Nebraska, there is, aside from Senator Norris, no real "tribune of the people" in those States. There is not an outstanding political figure in the corn belt. In Wisconsin and Minnesota, the new Progressive Party of the La Follettes and the Farmer-Labor Party, which dominated the latter State, have suffered severe, if not fatal, defeats.

New Political Blood

So we come back to the fact that the leadership of the New Deal liberalism — or radicalism, if you prefer — is primarily of the East.

Nobody expected this of Franklin Roosevelt when he was elected in 1932. He had from time to time made progressive speeches, as when he told the American Legion in 1930 that there must be "warfare against the grim tradition" that every man must fight for himself, no matter how handicapped by misfortunes or circumstances, "and that he must wage this fight without a helping hand from the State to aid him, if he falters, or to rescue him from absolute starvation, if he fails." But, as he was on both sides of the fence then, as so often now, these expressions were not deemed significant. At one and the same time Walter Lippmann has thought that Mr. Roosevelt has been converted to a collectivist philosophy, while Her-

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bert Agar and others were praising him as the champion of decentralization, of wide distribution of property ownership, and of other methods of advancing and preserving the competitive economic order.

Mr. Roosevelt had not been a radical Governor of New York but he had been desirous of extending State control of water power and of the electrical utilities and had favored social-security measures. During his first presidential campaign, only one speech of his, that before the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco, which was scarcely reported in the East because of the difference in time, foretold in any degree what was to come. When he took office and found himself face to face with the closing of the banks, a most alarming and unprecedented disaster, Mr. Roosevelt proceeded on the theory that this scrapped the entire Democratic platform on which he had been elected and freed him from conservative inhibitions as well.

He was right in insisting that the emergency called for most drastic measures. The collapse of our foreign markets had jeopardized the farmer as never before; the number of unemployed had reached unprecedented heights; and there was a most serious panic not only in the business world but in both houses of Congress. No halfway measures were in order; only major operations could save.

The new President turned to a group of advisers who were almost wholly Eastern men, many of them in the Eastern universities. This group was formed early in 1932, when the Governor was planning his campaign.

One of the first members of the "brain trust" was Raymond Moley, professor of public law at Columbia, an Ohioan by birth and training. He was chosen not because he was a theorist but as a professor with his feet on the ground who would be a high-grade research assistant, adviser, and aide in the writing of speeches. Professor Moley brought in his next-door neighbor, Rexford G. Tugwell, professor of economics at Columbia.

The next member was Adolf A. Berle, Jr., then a professor of law at Columbia and now an Assistant Secretary of State. How unhampered by tradition the mind of Professor Berle was (and were also those of his associates) is strikingly illustrated by Mr. Berle's statement in a letter to the *London Times* that the only reason why the brain trust did not turn to communism after the inauguration of the President was their belief that the system would not work!

Professor Tugwell was a thoroughgoing Easterner, born in New York State, and educated in Buffalo and at the University of Pennsylvania. Most unjustly accused of being a dangerous and communistic adviser, Mr. Tugwell was properly ready to tread new paths if in his judgment the situation called for it. Ernest K. Lindley, the historian of *The Roosevelt Revolution*, describes Professor Tugwell as "the philosopher, the sociologist and the prophet" of the revolution "as well as one of its boldest practitioners."

Professor Felix Frankfurter refused to become Solicitor General under Franklin Roosevelt, but, an Easterner of the Easterners, he stood behind the brain trust, and his extraordinarily fertile mind suggested the names of many of the lesser lights of the New Deal, as well as innumerable ideas and suggestions for the development of the new policies.

Of the other earlier or later members of the brain trust, George N. Peek and Donald Richberg of Chicago came from the Middle West.

If General Hugh S. Johnson is to be ranked with the group — to which he would now strenuously object — he was born in the West but has spent many years of his army and civilian life in the East.

James M. Landis got his education at Harvard and Princeton.

Thomas G. Corcoran and Ben Cohen, both members of the Frankfurter-Brandeis group of New Dealers, who are believed to exert an extremely important influence today on the thinking and planning of the President, are both Easterners. Both are portrayed in the press at this writing as doing everything within their power to prevent the President's yielding to the demand for a compromise with big business; their belief is that the New Deal's salvation lies in audacious demanding of further reform legislation.

Only one of the really radical members of the New Dealers is an out-and-out Westerner. He is Marriner S. Eccles, Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, who is a native of Utah and was appointed from that State. His flaming defense of the restoration of prosperity by a huge spending program has astounded and out-

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raged the banking and business world of which he was so long a part.

When the President undertook his changes in the field of currency, he turned to three professors at Cornell, George F. Warren, Frank A. Pearson, and William I. Myers. Warren and Pearson had come originally from the West but had been for years teaching in the East; Myers is a New Yorker born and bred.

Finally, those who believe that a great part of the inspiration of the New Deal came from Justice Brandeis of the Supreme Court point out that he, too, is an Easterner.

Other New Reformers

As for the cabinet, it must be admitted that it has had by no means as much influence on the formulation of New Deal policies as have the President's advisers of the brain trust or in other government offices or in civil life. Aside from Messrs. Ickes, Wallace, Farley, and Morgenthau and Miss Perkins, none had been ranked as an ardent New Dealer, and some as complete conservatives — not to say reactionaries. But the two latest accessions to the cabinet, Harry Hopkins and Frank Murphy, Secretary of Commerce and Attorney General respectively, are eager adherents of the New Deal. Actually, only two of the original cabinet members came from the West, Dern of Nebraska and Wallace of Iowa. Whatever the degree of enthusiasm of its individual members for the New Deal, it was overwhelmingly Eastern in its point of view.

If we turn to Congress, the outstanding supporter of the New Deal in it and the author of some of the most important and epoch-making legislation is Robert F. Wagner of New York. He has lived on the East Side of New York ever since he arrived in this country as a boy immigrant and has all his life been a member and at times an official of Tammany Hall. It was he who introduced the first bill to give federal aid to the unemployed, demanding two billion dollars for relief — this under President Hoover, who vetoed the bill after it had been passed by both houses. It was he who introduced in the Senate, as the spokesman of the Administration, the National Industrial Recovery Act. He has favored federal control of child labor and collective bargaining, sponsored the antilynching bill, introduced the original Wagner housing bill in 1935 and the one that was passed in the next year. He is the author of the National Labor Relations Board law and of the railway-pension law. He has been closely connected with the social-security laws and has only recently introduced a bill establishing health insurance in the United States. This is an extraordinary record of constructive pioneering achievement. No other senator has achieved as much or is more sincerely devoted to the progressive principles of the New Deal.

While Senators La Follette and George W. Norris are not Democrats, they have from the beginning been ardent supporters of the main principles of the New Deal; Mr. La Follette's decision to found the new party with his brother was not owing to dissatisfaction with the progressive program but to its maladministration in the hands of the President and its failure to go further and faster. These Senators are not to be ranked as Easterners, of course.

The outstanding opponents within the Democratic Party of the President's policies have been Southerners. Walsh of Massachusetts has been a pretty thoroughgoing supporter of the President throughout, as has Senator Bone from the other side of the continent.

In the House of Representatives, too, the outstanding New Deal champions are Easterners like Vito Marcantonio and Caroline O'Day of New York.

Where the New Deal will eventually take us no one knows. There are those who believe today that it is collapsing because of the administrative failures of the President. As to that time alone will tell. Only one thing is certain; in its inception, in the boldness of its planning, Easterners led. Its fate from the beginning has lain in the hands of a country gentleman not from the banks of the Wabash or the Kaw but from those of the conservative and historic Hudson. Eastward the star of reform takes its way.

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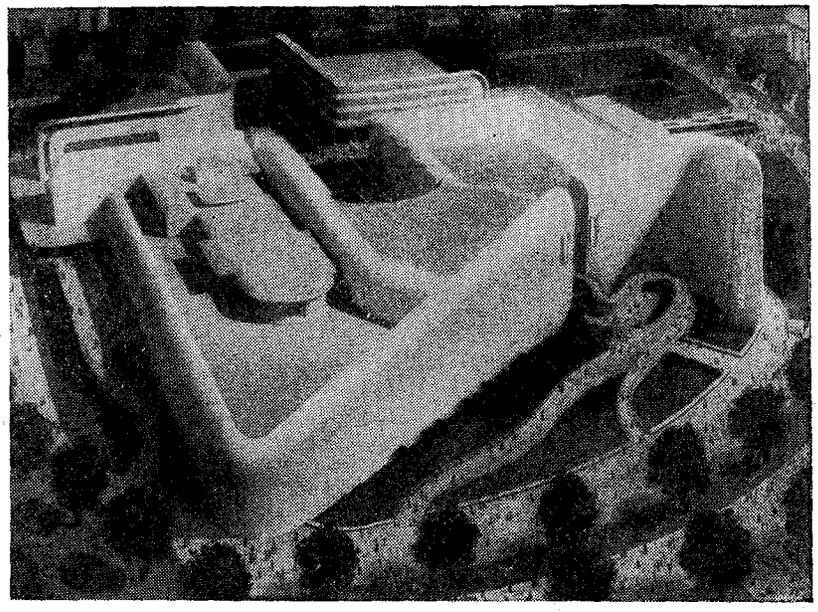
The Artist's Point of View

General Motors Commissions an Artist

FOR MANY YEARS in writing and lectures I have been pointing out what should be, but not always has been, an obvious truism — that business, especially big business, in the field of the arts, is a negative influence in the development of our national culture.

The reason is axiomatic. To make copious profits, a business must please the average taste. The average taste is poor.

This axiom, in the guise of a natural law is always given by business executives in extenuation of their prostitution of any art, like the motion picture, which they control. They must finance "popular," rather than leader, artists when they buy or foster art or some art product or when they engage a designer to design merchandise for sale. "Personally," such an executive will say; "I like this better work [under discussion] very much indeed. But it's far too good for our public. It wouldn't sell. And we must please our buyers. We're not in business for our health, you know."



General Motors Highways and Horizons Ehibxit

Heretofore the exceptions, whether in movies, murals, textiles, or architecture, have normally been small-scale dream ventures of idealistic businessmen who impractically risked all on the chance of pleasing the more developed taste and, because of limited resources or a too scattered intelligence, lost their stake. The finer, more unusual enterprise did not and could not pay. Big business was far too "practical" for any such foolishness. It played the safer, conforming game.

Now the impossible has happened; the infallibility of the axiomatic law is destroyed. Big business has backed an artist on a gigantic scale and won. General Motors engaged Norman Bel Geddes to design its entire World's Fair exhibit, and the adventurous quality of this artist's dream draws greater crowds than any other exhibit on the grounds.

Study the form of the vast exhibition building called Highways and Horizons, shown below. It is not classic. It is not diluted Gothic. It is not Colonial. It is not American Factory. It is not familiar and conventional. It has not been done before. It is original, different, striking, adventurous. It is pure form, in eye-surprising movements, angles, and dimensions. It has great, sweeping, windowless straight and curved planes. The approach ramp, on which the crowds await their turn in slow ascent, is a double, quick curve played against the great slow curve of the tapering side wall. This is pure aesthetics of form design. But it is also functional. For, inside these walls twists and turns the artist's vision of our countryside as it will be twenty years from now, when other engineers' and artists' dreams come true. Then there is the showroom in copper, the simple distinction of the theater, the surprises everywhere — all proving that dreams, creations, and surprise attract, challenge, and intrigue.

General Motors has made the remarkable discovery that these are the logical products of the creative artist. The "ignorant" public has approved. The future listens to such discoveries.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

B—Poetry of Distinction

HUNTSMAN, WHAT QUARRY?, by Edna St. Vincent Millay (Harper, $2.00). The inconsequential passions of citied love and many other fragile things are made provocative by this deft and masterful craftsman.

VERMONT VALLEY, by Walter Hard (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). Salted anecdotes about Vermonters and sketches of characters raised on pickles. Read "A Problem Solved" and you will read the lot.

C—Verse of Merit

A BOOK OF HISTORICAL POEMS, compiled by William R. Bowlin (Whitman, $0.75). A useful collection for anniversary orators.

COLUMBIA POETRY 1939 (Columbia, $1.00). There's future for American poetry when such bright pieces spring from the pavements of University Heights.

HOOSIER COLLEGE VERSE 1939, (Evansville, $1.50). We explain for our foreign readers that this is a contemporary anthology of verses written in the many colleges of a State that once gave America our greatest writers of prose — Indiana. They show a survival of literary competence out of which the old enthusiasm of youth has evaporated. "Lost Aprils," by a girl from DePauw University, should be the title poem of this typical college anthology from the age of American disillusion.

THE DEATHLESS FLOWER, by Ida Elaine James (Greenberg, $2.00). Verse of correct and even temper from scores of poetry magazines and newspaper poetry columns.

LADDER TO THE MOON, by Burges Johnson (Union, $1.00). Burges Johnson should be given a sabbatical year from teaching to write only verse. He would produce poetry. "The Eagle Dance" is the best thing that has ever come from our pueblos.

ORION-POEMS *attr. to* KEATS, (International Mark Twain Society, $2.00). These poems attributed to Keats are the first volume of verse to be dedicated to Their Britannic Majesties in commemoration of their visit to North America. THE FORUM offers a cash prize of ten dollars for the best letter submitted before October 1 attempting to prove or disprove the authorship of Keats.

PACIFIC LIGHT, by Charlotte Kellogg (Anderson, $1.50). Poised but unposed, these are poems of a mature but generous heart.

SMOKE FROM THIS ALTAR, by Louis L'Amour (Lusk, $1.50). The clear, first-impression verse of a passionate world wanderer.

WATER AND LIGHT, by Louise Townsend Nicholl (Dutton, $2.00). The sensitive interpretations of the near silences of sleep, moon, mist, dawn, and old apple trees.

TIME STRIKES, by Edward Ames Richards (Columbia, $1.25). Verse of high nobility and understatement.

SOLITUDE, by V. Sackville-West (Doubleday, $1.75). Strong as a woman can be strong.

ALL THROUGH THE DAY, by Margaret E. Sangster (Round Table, $1.50). Perennial verse of song and cheer with roots in the age of hope.

HERE ONLY A DOVE, by Sister Maris Stella (St. Anthony Guild, $1.25). Gentle and joyous, hopeful and serene.

CERTIFICATE OF FLIGHT, by Faith Vilas (Loker Raley, $1.00). Painstaking verse from a poetry studio where the candle of actual life still flares.

D—Verse of Originality

LONG SHORE, by Joel D. Barber (Derrydale, $7.50). An attractive little volume of metrical impressions from the alluring eastern shore of New England.

THOUGH QUICK SOULS BLEED, by Gordon LeClaire (Banner, $2.00). No other Canadian poet has appeared in as many magazines and newspapers as Gordon LeClaire. Every verse seems to capture an "ineffable something" — and not infrequently an equally ineffable nothing.

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Tides

One thing he took great pride in, not a day
But what at any hour the man could say
Just how the tide was: dead low or turn
or flood.
It was four hundred miles to the ocean,
but his blood
Had the tides still in it. They still ran
Young as ever though he was an old man
And never would depend on time or tide
To change him any way before he died.

He had left off mentioning to his wife
About the time of tide, but it was life
To know it, the only young part to him;
He never talked to anyone who knew him
Of the mighty arms that reached and found
him
And would not let him go but held around
him
Like something he recalled when very
young
Of arms around him and a low song sung.

The vast sea rose there, barred a diamond-
white,
The moon wove at it high across the night,
His life was part of that unearthly web.
Men do not die except upon the ebb,
They used to say, back there beside the
ocean.
He was safe as long as that slow motion
Lifted him up against the law of earth
As he was lifted in the hour of birth.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin

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TOASTS

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MARY M. COLUM, distinguished writer on literary subjects, has been writing literary criticism for THE FORUM since 1933 and in this issue resumes for the winter months her regular appearances in these pages. At present she is living in South Norwalk, Connecticut.

EARL SPARLING was a newspaperman for a number of years after his graduation from Tulane University. He was a Washington correspondent for Scripps-Howard and a special writer for the *New York World-Telegram*. He is the author of short stories, several books of nonfiction, and many magazine articles.

VERNON BARTLETT is a member of the British Parliament, classed as an Independent Conservative. He is Editor of the *World Review*, published in London.

ELLSWORTH R. BUCK, born in Chicago and a graduate of Dartmouth College, is a New York City businessman who was a member of the New York Board of Education from 1935 until July of this year. From 1935 on, he was Vice President of the Board.

GEORGE J. LENT, Executive Director of the Teachers Alliance of New York City, is a guidance counsellor and speech instructor at John Adams High School, in the Borough of Queens.

FRANCIS S. MOSELEY is President of the Teachers Alliance. With Mr. Lent, he was a leader in founding that organization. He has also been associated with the National Conference of Jews and Christians and with the *Interracial Review*.

CRAIG McCLURE spent his early years share cropping on a North Carolina farm. The experiences he describes in his article in this issue took place at the University of North Carolina, from which he graduated in 1932. Since then he has wandered in many countries and many parts of this country and worked at many jobs. He was last reported on a California ranch, engaged principally in writing.

BERTRAND RUSSELL is the distinguished British philosopher and writer.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, onetime Editor of *The Nation*, who for a long time has been a leading liberal speaker and writer, this year published his memoirs, *Fighting Years*. He has also been active recently as Chairman of the Committee on Puerto Rico of the American Civil Liberties Union.

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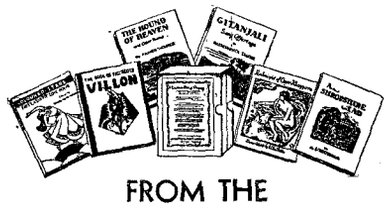

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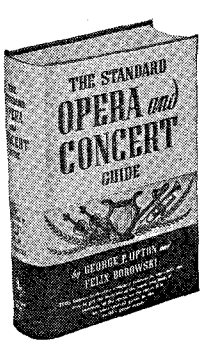

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THE RECORD REVIEW

PROKOFIEFF: PETER AND THE WOLF, *an orchestral fairy tale, op. 67.* Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, with Richard Hale, narrator (Victor M,AM 566; 3 records, $6.50).

SCARLATTI: SONATAS, *L. 465, 22, 486, 449, 387, (Pastorale) 413, 487, 463, 395, 411, 263.* Robert Casadesus, piano (Columbia M,AM 372, 3 records, $5.00).

BEETHOVEN: SONATA NO. 8 IN G MAJOR, *op. 30, no. 3.* Jascha Heifetz, violin, & Emanuel Bay, piano (Victor M 570; 3 records, $5.50); also Nathan Milstein, violin, & Arthur Balsam, piano (Columbia X-137; 2 records, $3.50).

GLUCK: IPHIGENIE EN AULIDE — OVERTURE, *Wagner ed.* Howard Barlow & Columbia Broadcasting Symphony (Columbia X-138; 2 records, $3.50).

HARRIS: SONATA FOR PIANO. Johanna Harris, piano (Victor M 568; 2 records, $4.50).

MOZART: QUARTET NO. 1 IN G MAJOR, *K. 80.* Kreiner String Quartet (Victor M,AM 393; 3 records, $5.00).

WAGNER: SIEGFRIED IDYLL. Felix Weingartner & London Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia X-139; 2 records, $3.50).

STAID Bostonians were enraged by a press misinterpretation of a statement made by Prokofieff in March of 1938, relative to the first American performances of *Peter and The Wolf*. The story had it that Prokofieff brought children's music to Boston because the musical level of Back Bay's Brahmins prevented them from grasping the relevance of his so-called "more involved" scores. The tale was pure fabrication, and, although it circulated, Bostonians could not resist the captivating charm of the Peter fable and its fascinating musical score. *Peter and the Wolf* became a favorite overnight.

Victor issued the present set to coincide with this summer's annual Berkshire Festival, at which Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra repeated the score. The music contradicts the law of diminishing returns; it grows yet more compelling on repeated hearings. Musically, leitmotivs play a strong part, and the work is wonderfully coherent. The thematic material is rich and juicy, especially the Peter theme played by the strings. It is an impish motif, haunting long after the discs have been shelved — and so are the melancholy theme of the duck on the English horn (though the narrator calls it an oboe) and the insouciant theme of the cat.

Of parallels in the world of international affairs there is much talk. Basically, however, *Peter and the Wolf* is music — good music, full of fun and creative ingenuity. In this performance, recorded with just a little too much reverberation, the Boston Symphony plays gorgeously.

THE tendency to play old music on instruments or in instrumental combinations other than those for which it was scored has led in the extreme to the vulgarities of Mr. Stokowski. Yet when moderation is employed, music written for one instrument may be performed on another without offending the canons of good taste. The determining factor, of course, is the equipment and sincerity of the artist.

Scarlatti wrote for the harpsichord. Casadesus transfers eleven of his sonatas — including the downy Pastorale — to the piano, retaining through his delicate performance the plectral quality of the original. These sonatas are not sonatas in the familiar sense of the word. Here, "sonata" means "sound piece," which is its literal translation and which was its pre-Haydn meaning. Casadesus' flawless style is superbly captured in a spacious recording. The instrumental tone is full and true.

BOTH major companies issued recordings of Beethoven's G-Major Sonata for violin and piano within one month of each other. Columbia's came first and is on four sides, thereby costing $2.00 less than the five-sided Victor version. One's first reaction is that perhaps the additional two dollars are a worth-while investment, considering that Heifetz is the Victor violinist. But hearing the two versions proves the error of such a judgment. Heifetz' performance is the more brilliant as sheer virtuosity, but, on the points of dignity, taste, and ensemble, it falls far short of Milstein's. Of course, the *élan* with which Heifetz turns a phrase or the incredible sharpness with which he attacks an accent is spellbinding, but in the long run it is humility before the music that endures. The integrated ensemble of Milstein and Balsam is far more satisfying than the solo of Heifetz "accompanied" by Bay. And, to tell the truth, the two-dollar saving on the Milstein-Balsam set is a considerable factor. Both sets are excellently recorded.

MR. Barlow is becoming a regular visitor from the Columbia studios. This month his contribution is the Overture to Gluck's *Iphigenie en Aulide* and an odd side, the Adagio from Corelli's Sonata for Violin and Basso Continuo, transcribed by Fillipi. The latter is familiar to those who listen to Mr. Barlow's weekly broadcasts as the closing musical identification.

The treatment of the Gluck Overture is spirited, though there is obviously a lack of clarity in the staccato phrases for solo winds and a patent lack of numbers in the strings, especially where singing tone is required. All said and done, however, the performance has much to recommend it, for some of the detail is beautifully etched. Besides, the recording is sharp and brilliant and of a high fidelity that ranks among the finest.

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The Record Review

ROY Harris is a kind of *enfant terrible* or, according to American standards, a musical Horatio Alger. Harris is a native product from the soils of the Middle West and California. After a stormy career, at forty-one, he is a leading figure in American music. He has developed a style of his own that is at once vigorous and hypnotic. Though he is not given to writing in set tonalities, Harris is not an atonalist. His compositions are polytonal — that is, they are in several keys at once.

The Piano Sonata, comprising four movements played without interruption, is cyclic in character. Chord lines and melodies are its materials. The workings-out are craftsmanlike, and the music has great power. Still it lacks some of the finesse of others of Harris's compositions.

The performance by the composer's wife carries out all Harris' intentions. Unfortunately Victor has fallen down on the technical end, for the piano is poorly recorded. The tone is brittle and distorted. It may be that the piano which Mrs. Harris employed is the reason for this. Whatever the case, the recording fails to show the music at its best.

An odd side contains a children's suite, dipped in Grecian wells — a result of Harris' prodigious scholarship.

MOZART'S first string quartet is nothing to become excited about, even for rabid Mozarteans. It is pleasant music but no better than the efforts of any gifted contemporary. Still for documentary purposes it is good to have it on records. Another advantage of the set is that it reveals the potentialities of the young and coming Kreiner Quartet. While the balance at present needs attention, this is something which can be ironed out without great difficulty. In the future the Kreiner Quartet should be an ensemble worth watching.

The odd side contains the Minuetto from Mozart's Quartet No. 13, K. 173.

WAGNER'S intimate serenade written for his Cosima has often been recorded, but Weingartner's musical wisdom, as ever, turns out a performance that surpasses its competitors. Some there are who will say that his reading is heavy-handed and too literal. It is this very Germanic character, this faithfulness to the written note, that makes his performance so significant. One cannot harp too much in this day of prima-donna conducting on the value of humility. Weingartner has it, and, with him, music flows. The orchestra plays sympathetically, and the recording, on the whole, is clear and resonant. The third side, however, reveals some breakdown both in the performance and the recording.

ARTHUR WALLACE HEPNER

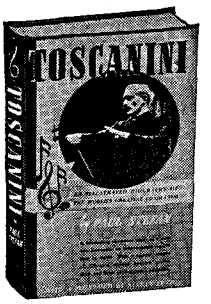
Forum Quiz Answers

1. (b) *a biblical tract named:* In His Steps [About eight million to date. *Freckles* sold two million, a figure not yet reached by *Gone With the Wind*. Wells's book sold over a million.]
2. (c) *trotting* [At Goshen, New York. "Hambletonian" held here in August.]
3. (b) *Charley Michelson*
4. (c) *Black as the* [Pit from pole to pole].
5. (b) *Winslow Homer* [1836–1910]
6. (a) *the natural route of French invasion* [Through mountain passes into the Po Valley. Previous invaders were Hannibal and the two Napoleons.]
7. (d) *Maury Maverick* [O'Daniel is Governor of Texas. Dies and Rayburn are in the House of Representatives, from Texas.]
8. (d) *the Turnesas* [Willie, Frank, Joe, Sam, etc.]
9. (c) *the day of U. S. mobilization for war*
10. (d) *the importation of beetle parasites* [from Japan, mostly]
11. (b) *Frederick Chopin*
12. (b) *living space* [room to expand, etc.]
13. (a) *John Reed*
14. (c) *James Joyce* [from *Finnegan's Wake;* Viking Press, $5.00.]
15. (a) *throws one to make him duck* [Often done to new players.]
16. (a) *iambic* [Iambic is (˘/); trochaic is (/˘); anapestic is (˘˘/); and dactyllic is (/˘˘).]
17. (c) *Teddy Roosevelt actually served two and a half terms.* [False. Roosevelt served three and a half years after death of McKinley and then a full term. Jefferson and Jackson, incidentally, were very outspoken against a third term.]
18. *fuge* [Should be fugue.]
19. (b) *the Columbia* [The Bonneville is the key unit in the Columbia River project, with the Grand Coulee 300 miles up the river from Bonneville.]
20. (b) *Jack Garner.*
21. (b) *birling*
22. (b) *Bangor to Key West* [Runs somewhat beyond Bangor.]
23. (c) *ten million*
24. (a) *John Milton* [Sonnet on his blindness.]
25. (a) *The word "succulent" means sweet or sugary.* [False. Word means juicy or full of vitality, freshness.]
26. (b) *merciful blow* [to end pain, etc.]
27. (b) *Was not spoken of the soul.* [From "A Psalm of Life."]
28. (a) *Penelope* [Wife of Ulysses. Eurydice was a nymph loved by Orpheus. Galatea was Pygmalion's statue, brought to life. Theme used by George Bernard Shaw in play and film *Pygmalion.*]
29. (c) *an animal with a long horn* [Much like a horse or antelope, of mythical character. In the famous Hunt of the Unicorn tapestries, in the Cloisters Museum in N. Y., the unicorn is the symbol of purity representing Christ. A basilisk is much like a lizard or dragon. A griffin is a lion with the wings and beak of an eagle.]
30. (a) *COM-bat-ant*
31. (c) *Somerset Maugham*
32. (c) *"It's certainly an odd-looking tree."* [Low-growing shrub or tree of evergreen family, with pungent berries used to flavor gin.]
33. (b) *Father Divine* [Negro religious leader]
34. (c) *Scarlett O'Hara* [Really, too easy.]
35. (a) *That you're a bronc rider by the looks of your clothes.* [Ballad appears in *American Ballads and Folk Songs,* by John and Alan Lomax, Macmillan. Very entertaining.]
36. (a) *withdrawn from the race*
37. (a) *A glove turned inside out fits the same hand.* [Wrong. Fits opposite hand.]
38. (a) *There are more men than women in the U. S.* [1930 census shows 48,010,145 males, 47,487,655 females. As for (b), parrots have psittacosis, communicable to man and causing nausea, fever. Silicosis is caused by inhaling silicate or quartz dust. (c) sirocco is a warm wind from the desert — remember *South Wind?* Marimba is a musical instrument.]
39. (c) *the new ball.* [With heavier nap. Lasts longer, but the stars claim it is not as lively.]
40. (a) *fairies in the form of little old men* [Theoretically, they would lead you to treasure.]

TOSCANINI

by

PAUL STEFAN



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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

EDUCATION FOR DEMOCRACY

Some comments (in condensed form) on the subject of the September editorial, "Education for Democracy," from noted American educators —

JOHN DEWEY, *distinguished philosopher:*

The following points suggest themselves:

1. More democracy in school administration, more participation by actual teachers in formation of educational policies, less dictation from above.

2. More self-government on part of students, increasing as rapidly as growth permits.

3. More attention to social and economic subjects in training schools for teachers. Ditto in all professional schools, engineering, law, medicine.

4. Less emphasis upon "learning lessons" and more upon learning how to find out what is wanted when a certain kind of information is needed. In other words, more development of active abilities in thinking, including judging what is needed and relevant.

5. Emphasis in all history teaching, beginning early, upon the human struggle for freedom, political, intellectual, and moral, obstacles overcome, methods of advancing it, etc.

HAROLD W. DODDS, *President of Princeton University:*

Education for democracy at the higher education level involves more than the study of the social sciences as such. Training for democracy means an understanding of the humanities and of the natural sciences as well. So far as higher education is concerned, the agency at hand is the Liberal Arts college with a curriculum modernized by being brought back into relationship to life. The Liberal Arts curriculum is on the defensive because it has grown remote from life.

One reason for this remoteness is the general and vague objective of the Liberal Arts education. I suggest that this be cured by accepting a more defined and specific objective than is comprehended in the general words, "preparation for life by liberating the spirit."

I suggest that we accept the goal of training for democracy as a proper objective of the Liberal Arts college. This opens the way for greater student participation in his own education and opens the way for a technique by which the subjects of the Liberal Arts studies can become a part and parcel of a man's life.

JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL, *educator and psychologist:*

Any educational procedure that fosters tolerance, a respect for human personality, and the conviction that justice and liberty are both attainable under popular government is on the road to being a good foundation for democracy.

More important than specific studies and methods is the atmosphere of the school, the spirit of the teachers, and the faith which inspires them. No education for democracy will be effective that is conducted by persons who distrust or despise it or have no genuine appreciation of what it is. Democracy in its true essence is a way of life, rather than a merely political device, and its highest qualities can be brought out only by men who earnestly wish to build a community in which that way of life can flourish.

RAY LYMAN WILBUR, *President of Stanford University:*

It is only when democracy is lost or when there is a threat of loss that interest is really aroused on the part of a large percentage of our population. Thus education for democracy requires the most subtle and persistent propaganda.

The relationship of democracy to life comes from both the intellectual and the emotional sides. Most of our education has been based upon the intellectual side. Most of our public reactions come in on the emotional side. It seems to me that we need to approach the whole problem of citizenship in our democracy from somewhat different standpoints, beginning with the elementary and grammar schools. Our history is often built up of battles and debates, etc., rather than an interesting discussion of our founding fathers, their experiences, and their endeavor to use these carefully digested experiences in devising entirely new governmental techniques. I think it is more important to analyze the origin of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights than to make a fetish of the Constitution.

In the domain of health we have made progress by certain dramatizations that have been made possible by practical procedures, following discoveries, and to teach lessons without much strain upon the intellect. I believe the same thing can be done in subtle ways much more effectively than by any direct scolding approach about American privileges, rights, etc.

THE COLONY CO-OPERATIVES

To the Editor:

The article, "God's Corporations" [September FORUM], by the Rev. David C. Colony . . . interests me because, as a member of St. Luke's Church, I know many of the people employed in the co-operative mills. These people, many of whom had been unemployed so long that they showed marks of discouragement and despair, now exhibit an entirely different attitude toward life, — an attitude of hope, courage, and assurance.

I have seen the Colony Hosiery Corporation mill in operation. I know nothing about hosiery knitting and was naturally impressed by the intricate machinery. But what impressed me most was the very evident cheerful spirit of co-operation, and the optimism of all the workers.

. . . . . .

W. R. BROWN

Philadelphia, Pa.

CHURCHES AND TAXES

To the Editor:

The conviction has been growing on me for some time that churches must get rid of their traditional tax exemptions for their self respect. I believe they are handicapped by too much nursing and should be placed in a position where they will have to stand on their own.

Mr. [Anthony M.] Turano in his article on church taxation ["Shall We Tax the Churches?" September FORUM] has done an admirable thing. . . .

WILLIAM H. LEACH
Editor and Publisher
Church Management
Cleveland, O.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

The title of Mr. Turano's article promises a discussion of an economic question, but he makes the writing of the article an occasion for smartly airing his anti-church prejudices. . . .

It is always persons who pay taxes. . . . The taxed thing, whatever it is, is not the source of the collected revenue. It is the tool with which the tax burden is distributed.

. . . . . .

Mr. Turano's proposal would levy a tax on church members from which all other persons would be exempted. . . .

GUY SCHUTTE
Superintendent
Republic Township Schools
Republic, Mich.

ERRATUM

On page 100 of the September FORUM, *in David Carl Colony's widely hailed article, "God's Corporations," a proofreader's oversight resulted in the statement that silk "rarely costs less than $300 a pound." Needless to say, this should have read "$3.00 a pound," and* THE FORUM *regrets the consternation it caused here and there.*

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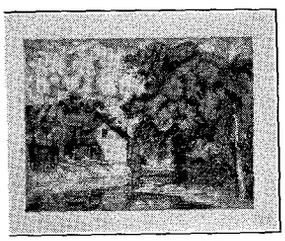
"PRIZE STALLIONS" — Original Lithograph *by John Steuart Curry*

1 Though only 38, Mr. Curry already ranks among America's foremost artists. He has won numerous prizes, including the second prize in the thirty-first National Exhibition of the Carnegie Institute. Mat size (as for *all* 15 subjects shown here) is 18″ x 14″. Plate size, 8¾″ x 12⅛″.

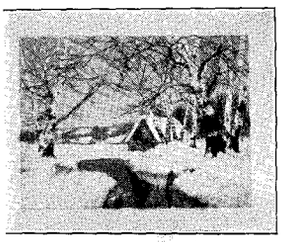


"THE MILL" — Original Etching *by Luigi Lucioni*

2 "Painter-laureate" of Vermont is what *Life* Magazine calls this master of exquisitely detailed New England scenes, and prize-winner whose works hang in so many municipal and university museums. 9″ x 6¾″.

"RIDE A COCK-HORSE" — Original Lithograph *by John de Martelly*

3 His work highly honored, including citation among Fifty American Prints of the Year by the A.I.G.A., John de Martelly here creates another delightful subject in his own distinctive Midwestern genre. 12½″ x 9⅞″.



"SINGING BIRCHES" — Original Etching *by C. Jac Young*

4 Mr. Young is the most distinguished living depicter of winter landscapes. Nineteen major awards have been bestowed upon his talent. 10″ x ½″.

PASTORAL — PUERTO RICO" — Original Etching *by Irwin D. Hoffman*

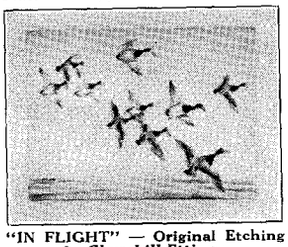
5 One of America's front rank artists offers a fascinating study of rural life in Puerto Rico. He was chosen to do America's first mining mural, for the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers. 11⅞″ x 9″.

"FRISKY DAY" — Original Lithograph *by Thomas Benton*

6 One of the three great co-founders of regional American art, Benton enjoys the distinction, rare for a contemporary, of having two of his paintings in the Metropolitan's permanent collection. Plate size, 12″ x 7⅞″.

"STRAWBERRY PICKERS" — Original Lithograph *by Doris Lee*

7 Winner of the competition for the new Washington Post Office mural, Doris Lee is the most discussed contemporary woman artist. The dreamy delicacy of her touch is here at its best. Plate size, 14⅜″ x 8¾″.



"IN FLIGHT" — Original Etching *by Churchill Ettinger*

8 Over forty museums and universities and the Yale Collection of Sporting Prints now own Churchill Ettinger's hunting and fishing works. This is a splendid example of his keen, sportsman's observation. Plate size, 11¾″ x 8¾″.

"LAST LOAD" — Original Etching *by Alice Standish Buell*

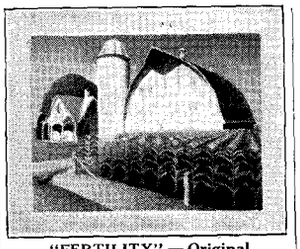
9 This beautiful pastoral of the hills of Vermont brings into this distinguished group one of America's pre-eminent woman etchers. A delightful study of peaceful sunlight and shadow. Plate size, 10½″ x 7½″.

"THE LIFE BOAT" — Original Lithograph *by Gordon Grant*

10 Grant enjoys a unique reputation in American art — a vast knowledge of ships and the men who go to sea, and an ability to draw that is all his own. Plate size, 11½″ x 9″.

"PEACEFUL COVE" — Original Lithograph *by Adolf Dehn*

11 Adolph Dehn's works have won him acclaim as one of the most distinguished lithographers of our time, finding incomparable moods and atmospheres in even the simplest of subjects. Plate size, 10⅜″ x 13⅞″.



"FERTILITY" — Original Lithograph *by Grant Wood*

12 Ever since Wood's "American Gothic" stormed the art world and public alike, his work has commanded immense premiums. This is one of his *very few* lithographs! 12″ x 9″.

"FISHERMEN THREE" — Original Etching *by John E. Costigan*

13 Represented in every museum, Costigan has perhaps received more awards than any other fellow artist. 12″ x 9″.

"A DAY TO BE REMEMBERED" — Original Etching *by W. R. Locke*

14 The works of Locke go far toward doing for our trees what Audubon's did for our birdlife. 13″ x 9⅞″.

"LIGHT AND SHADOW" — Original Etching *by Joseph Margulies*

15 An outstanding character study, remarkable for its treatment of the metal plate medium. 7½″ x 10″.

ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS
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